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## "Ekka" Duet

*Artist—N. S. Bendre.*

# POST-WAR CHOICE BEFORE EVE

—See Page 3

# HUNGER

## A Hard, Brittle Tale Of A Goan Peasant Leaving His Village In Search Of Food—And Finding Death!

*By Berta Da Menezes Braganza*

There, in a remote corner of the village, is a beautiful spot, where on a high strip of ground stands a row of casuarinas.

One evening, lying under one of these was a man. An old man: a very dark, small, emaciated figure lying in an awkward position, his limbs stretched out, one knee slightly bent, his head thrown back, his neck tense.

His body, naked but for a dirty, dun-coloured loin-cloth, was thickly covered with buzzing flies. His small, thin face, with a little white beard, contrasting with the blackness of the skin, was turned towards the fields below. His eyes, wide open, wore that fixed, glassy look—staring and fixed, yet seeming to focus nowhere.

Who was he? From where? How had it happened? Was it some crime? These and many such others were queries that escaped none.

Everything was, however, soon known—as it never fails to in a village when he was found by some chance passers-by.

It was old Bikru, a peasant from across the river, a "gaudda." All knew him in life, and none could fail to know him now. His recent history too was not unknown. And that was, decidedly, not an enviable one.

Like all of his class and quarter, Bikru was very poor. They were five in his family. His wife had died many years ago. He now only had a son, the son's wife and their two children. He was extremely proud of his son. He could never speak without mentioning him, nor act without consulting him The son's wife, of course, had been chosen by him. She was a neat, quiet, nice-looking young woman, and Bikru was quite satisfied with her. As for his two grandchildren, they were all the world to him, and their "Ab" (grand-father), in turn, was all the world to them.

This wealth of affection made his material poverty bearable. Bikru was happy. He was satisfied with what he had: his little mud huts with its roof of palm-leaves, his bulls, his own wooden plough, his pick-axe and spade, his little plot from the village community land, which gave him enough to maintain his family and himself. He was content to live on his two meals of rice with a bit of fresh fish, a good fill of "ambile" (raggi gruel) sonorously taken in company with salted green mango in the morning, his drop of "fenni" (liquor) after work in the evening; content to have his "camboll" (kind of blanket) to stretch himself on at night and to shelter himself with in the rains. He had never known any other comforts. Nor did he ambition any.

Till that first catastrophe knocked at his door, Bikru had had no quarrel with the world. And he knew right from the start that it was nothing but calamity that was walking in in a veiled form. Breaking away from old traditional ways boded no good.

Misfortunes, it is said, never come singly. And in Bikru's case it proved, at least, coincidentaly true. Here was misfortune in an unbroken continuity.

It came with that new law for village community paddy-fields which sounded so wonderful at first. A boon! Non-cultivators and intermediaries in communal auctions were abolished. Fields would be leased directly to the cultivators, it said. The intermediary's profit was to go. Oh, acme of righteousness and justice!

The new order was all the talk everywhere. "Batcars" (land-lords) and "Shetcars" (cultivators) had no other subject. Those of the former, who had been intermediaries raved and fumed, planned new strategems by which they might hamper the new regulation. Others, share-holders of the village community, grew alarmed and anxious: what was going to happen to their dividends? In short, the whole world of parasites, that had hitherto ruled over the village community, was stirred and lived an uncomfortable bit of time. While the cultivators, on the other hand, rendered pessimists and fatalists by long generations of exploitation waited in suspense, ever suspicious of the worst.

Bikru could never believe it. It sounded too good to be true. Could one ever trust that the "batcars" would be made to lose for them poor "shetcars" to be better off? He was an old man and had seen much in his days but never any such wonder being possible. No: it could never be. There must be some trick behind it, he was sure.

Then the time came for the new lease. Bikru was not wrong. The fake mask of protection of the cultivators fell: a complete re-valuation of the community fields had been carried out; the rents raised to double and more. There was to be no auction. Each plot had its fixed price which was not to be contested. The intermediaries were sacrificed; but the cultivators who still wanted to cultivate their fields had to accept the fixed prices, and pay even more than they paid to the intermediaries. Besides, there were fines and penalties should the payment not be made in time. The shareholders were assured of bigger interests, the government of a fatter revenue. The old gang of exploiters was merely replaced by another unmentioned one—and that, a far greater one.

Bikru was faced with a dilemma His small plot too had gone up a lot. He mentally contemplated it, insignificant as it stood in a corner of the endless stretch of fields, and pondered on the new price. It was so inconsistent. He saw in his mind the usual heap of grain on his threshing-floor at harvest. It was never more than just enough to pay the rent, the old rent, and for his own year's consume. Where then would the extra money come from? But without his field too, from where would he get his rice? Bikru meditated long on the problem, and finally seeing no alternative, and with a terrible blank facing him, he came to a decision. He rented his plot, despite the price, leaving the problematic part to hazard. May be the price of paddy, which would also be higher, he told himself would help him.

Adversity, however, had taken too great a liking for Bikru. That year the rains too came in no regular fashion, but as though in fits and starts. The first seedlings were spoilt. Bikru sowed a second time; then a third. Debts. And from where was the money to come to pay them? The question weighed heavily on his mind. He and his son talked it over whenever they chanced to be together, but came to no conclusion.

Time fled. They were well advanced in July. The fields were that lovely sight, a billowing sea of deep green. In less than two months the crops would be ready for gathering—the emerald fields would turn to gold. But this year Bikru's enthusiasm for the coming good time was sorely damped by the cloudy thoughts of the unsolved problem that ever hovered over his mind. And before he could find a solution, the harvest had come.

Bikru's crop yielded nothing more than usual. And after paying the rent and his debt, very little was left. It would hardly suffice for the household's needs till the next crop. It was indeed a very small store Bikru looked on, with a heavy heart, that year.

After all his hard toil it was bitter to see it. Resentment gnawed within Bikru's heart. It had been a hard experience and he could not think of going through it again. It was evident the cultivation of his plot at the new price was beyond him. There was no remedy, but to break his contract and give it up. And so he did.

Bikru felt it deeply to have to give up his plot—which he had sown and lived on all his life, as his father had done before him, and perhaps even his grand-father before that. That he who had all his life been a cultivator should have to be without even a small piece of land, seemed preposterous. But it was perhaps God's will, he said, and mused on his tragedy in silent bitterness.

After that, life in Bikru's household became a hard one; and one sorrow followed another in quick succession.

Then one day his son disclosed a plan to ameliorate their condition. He wanted to leave home for abroad in search of more remunerative work. Many who had gone had come home rich. And many more were going. Why should he not try his luck too? Was he less than anybody else? This came as a shock to Bikru. Yes; his son was smart and wise. To him he was better than all. But to have his son going away from him! Going away to those far away lands, to be at such an enormous distance such as he could not even imagine! And then he was an old man; what if he should die before he came home again? He tried to dissuade his son from his plan. It was, he told him, so contrary to "gaudda" tradition. They, respectable "gauddas", never ventured out of their homes like that. It would never bring any good. But all his august considerations were in vain. The son had made up his mind. He had a wife and children; what, he asked, would become of them if conditions continued to be what they were? And what could Bikru say to that? Times had changed. There was nothing left but to bow to the younger one's wishes.

A couple of weeks later, from behind a haze of tears Bikru watched the train swiftly carrying his son away.

Time passed. The conditions in the country grew daily from bad to worse. The most elementary necessities rose to exorbitant heights in prices. A semblance of Government control was established with the police at the head. In consequence, commodities disappeared out of market. Merchants hoarded; and arm-in-arm with the police grew fat in the black-market. It was an impossible world for the likes of Bikru. People spent lengthy hours, precious working hours, in long queues for a scanty ration of sugar or kerosene, only to return home empty-handed. There was, however, no rationing of rice; and rice was becoming scarcer and scarcer. And wherever it was to be found, it was sold at the price of gold . . . . gold these people could only see in dreams.

Unable to maintain them, before long, Bikru had to sell his bulls. It was a matter of great sorrow. It was like selling his own children. But he could not help it. It was better to sell them than to see them die of starvation. The family itself was in a precarious way. With the scantiness of rice, their rations were reduced to the minimum, a mere pittance, just enough to dissimulate hunger. And it seemed ages since they had last tasted any "ambile". And daily their wretched plight grew worse and worse.

The end drew fast near. A day came when starvation stood on the threshold. Food was reduced to a single meal. And that too would soon disappear. Bikru was completely undone. He saw no way to escaping the disaster. If only his son would return before that happened! He had written to say that he had found a job. He was going to sail in a big ship across the seas. Hundreds of people worked on it. He was going to be well paid; he was sure to come home rich. But when? When would he come? That, however, was not in the letter.

Finally, the fatal hour dawned. Bikru's provision of rice was over. Spending all he had, he bought from the local grocer, at a merciless price, what he could get for his money. It was very little. It could hardly last more than a few days. And after that? Were they all to die together? No; Bikru firmly decided it should not be. Happen what may, the children must be fed. And Bikru reduced his share; he daily reduced it to less and less; he starved. Then one day, he heard that in the village beyond the next, there was rice to be had. He was known there; perhaps somebody, he thought, might sell to him on credit. And clinging to this last shred of hope, Bikru set out early next morning.

He crossed the river and walked through the next village. He knew it well. He went along the road, past the church, the several groceries, and still more numerous toddy-shops, and came to the little railway station. Here he could not help remembering his son, who had departed from it. And he was filled with an immense anguish, a helpless desire to see him again. He lingered on the spot where he had seen him last. He looked long at those smooth, shining rails ascending higher and higher into the soaring heights of the distant blue Ghats. Then he walked sadly on. He came to the casuarinas. It was a long way, he had walked; a distance longer than his years and hunger could stand. He was exhausted; he felt dizzy; he tottered. He lay down under the tree to rest . . . .

And now, in the evening, he was still there on that high strip of ground, looking with sightless eyes on that vast expanse of newly reaped fields . . . . with only the beautiful casuarinas gently swaying their delicate boughs over him, softly sighing and moaning for him, and the sunset glow wrapping him in its golden radiance, as though in an effort to infuse new warmth and life into his cold, lifeless frame.

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The judge stared down at the hardened criminal. His eyes narrowed as he cleared his throat.

"Butch Baldwin," he stated icily "I have your record before me. I have just examined it, and I am astounded. I would like to state that, in all my years on the bench, I have never come across a criminal more vicious and depraved than you are. It seems to me that you have no regard for the rights of your fellow men. You have stolen, plundered, assaulted, maimed. You have shot at officers of the law. You have beaten up defenceless men and women who refused your unlawful demands. Seemingly, there is no crime too low for your debased mind." The judge paused for a moment. "I hereby sentence you to twenty years' hard labour. Now, have you anything to say?"

The gangster smiled.

"Yes," he murmured. "To-day is my birthday."

"Your birthday!" echoed the judge "And what about it?"

The criminal appeared hurt.

"Well," he pouted, "ain't you goin' to congratulate me?"

MOPSY, by GLADYS PARKER
YOU HAVE TO SWAT FLIES BECAUSE THEY HAVE GERMS THAT MAKE PEOPLE SICK!
THEN WHY DON'T THE FLIES GET SICK?
GLADYS PARKER
8-26

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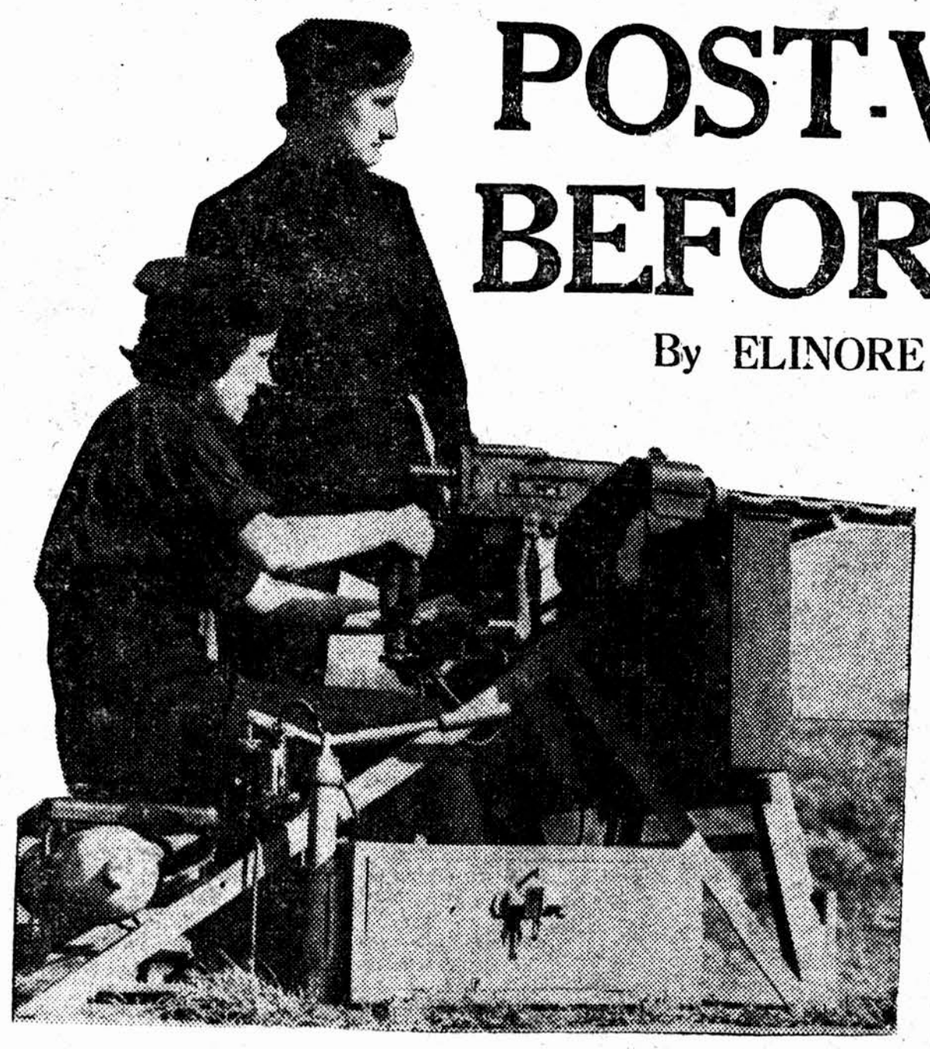
# POST-WAR CHOICE BEFORE EVE

By ELINORE M. HERRICK



**THEY ARE IN THE NAVY NOW!— Members of the Women's Royal Naval Service firing an aircraft Browning machine-gun to test it after servicing.**

*Home, children, career?—What will women choose after the war? The author of this article, who is Director of Personnel and Labour Relations, Todd Shipyards Corporations, discusses this question mainly from the American angle. But her conclusions will be found of interest by Indian women too, who have recently stepped out of their homes in large numbers into various war and allied jobs. What will THEY do after the war?*

**Different women want different things. I think most of them—whether they will admit it or not—want only to marry, have a home and children and a man to do their worrying (and sometimes their thinking) for them.**

**Some marry wanting children and can't have them. Some simply want a life of ease—with a marriage license.**

And, of course, there are other women who want Careers—capital C. Others want to be "socially useful." A lot of women have to earn their living whether they want to or not, either because they have no one to support them or because they are suddenly thrown on their own resources when husbands die or divorce them. A lot of women want homes, children and careers—all three.

So you see, it's all very mixed up. The solution won't be easy. We need a clear-cut social and economic plan. When I say "plan" I certainly don't mean that we should fall back upon the easy old-fashioned economic solution mouthed so piously after the last World War: "Woman's place is in the home", "married teachers must be dismissed", "no married women hired." That campaign brought nothing in its train but secret marriages, deception and sordidness. It didn't work. It couldn't work.

## Drug On Market

We've got to tackle the problem now. Unless some tough-minded thinking is done soon the war will end with women a drug on the market, as they were twenty-five years ago. Any solution will have to cover such basic questions as:

*Are we going to plan so that there will be a job for everyone who wants to work? Or only for those who need to work?*

*Are we going to bar men of independent income from jobs when the war is over? If not, then why should we bar women who don't need to work but want to?*

*Are we going to build a system in which everyone must work, produce to justify his existence?*

*Are we going to say that everyone, regardless of sex, who wants to work must have the opportunity?*

What employment conditions will we face when this war ends? There are many more men in the armed services to-day than at the peak of the last World War, and many more women in industry to-day than ever before. The Selective Service Act of this war makes it mandatory for employers to re-employ the returning soldier if there is any job at all for him, ejecting employes hired since the soldier left in order to make room for him. This is only fair. Even the temptation to retain women because they are cheaper labour has been largely removed in this war by the government policy of "equal pay for equal work", and most employers have not even used the loophole in that policy.

Many women who have become accustomed to the independence of having their own money will want to continue in their jobs. Others are already finding the strain of double duty at home and in the factory too hard. Those women who are bored by housework and have found excitement and companionship in the factory will not want to give this up. Some women will want to keep their jobs in order to ease the economic strain until their men, back from the war, find their places. Thousands of soldiers will never return and it is important and only fair that their wives or daughters should have the chance to work.

## Wishful Thinking

It is wishful thinking to believe that the majority of America's newly recruited woman power will flock back into the home. Many will because of their children. Many will not who should. On the other hand, there are already indications that a substantial number of the women war workers will chose voluntarily to give up their jobs. I venture to say that the most frequent reasons for this decision will be that many women left their homes to meet a particular goal—pay off the mortgage, earn enough for a college education for a child, or buy a new parlour suite or a fur coat. Their objective attained, they quit the job. Many others will undoubtedly leave because they have been unable to maintain proper conditions for their children or have found the physical strain of the combined home and factory job too great.

There will be more unmarried women in the post-war generation. What of them? Will not the increase in their numbers offset the married women who elect to return to their homes? The majority of these single women must work to live. For those who need not work there is plenty of useful, important community service to be rendered, but we have always put the dollar sign as the valuation of work. Volunteer social work will not have much appeal even to those who do not need to earn and who, during these busy war years, have been engaged in exciting war work driving ambulances or driving generals.

Then there is the vast army of professionally trained women who have been given a place in the sun—at least temporarily. The professionally trained woman has always found it notoriously difficult to secure adequate opportunities in her chosen field and to advance therein. American women have had greater educational opportunities and have used them more widely than the women in any other country. Yet after receiving this expensive education, too often they find themselves frustrated by the professional cast system. And too often they have failed to maintain their sense of perspective and sense of humour. But they have had an uphill fight when there should have been no necessity to fight

## Women Past 40

The woman past 40 also will present a problem. Her children have grown up, gone off to school or college. She feverishly throws herself into a round of bridge games, a literature or music club, with Wednesdays for the local charity organization, and becomes dissatisfied because there is no reality, no substance to the occupations at hand. Should she not be offered a chance to train herself for useful employment? Can't we break down the taboo upon employment of women over 40?

On the one hand, we have urged that women stay at home and raise their families. That job done—what is there left for them to do? Still young and vigorous, they find themselves not wanted in a busy, active world. Pearl Buck has said that if American women were not to be allowed to fulfil their bent, whether it be for home making or professional life, they should not be given the educational opportunities they now have I think she is right.

The woman past 40 is far from useless. As the records show, she can achieve much after 40—giving the first years of her life to her family. But the way is not easy. Society ought to make it uniformly possible for such women to use their talents, and this applies not alone to the professionally trained women.

Finally, what of the children of women workers? We all have heard or read of children locked in parked cars while their mothers work in war plants; children sitting through repeated performances in the movies until their mothers get home from the second shift; children locked in or out of homes day after day while both parents work. No one can deny that juvenile delinquency and destruction of home standards are rampant where you have such an emergency mass employment of women as the war machine has required. But need these things be? In a few communities where the labour market has been very tight the community has started nursery schools, food kitchens or other communal feeding, and supervised play periods to make it possible for the mother of even small children to work. I think the whole situation should receive more intensive study

Some people question whether children should be turned over to nursery schools and playground supervisors. There is plenty of precedent which will be cited. It will be said that children's institutions are everlasting proof that even a poor mother is better than no mother. Social welfare organizations have learned this and instituted the system of "foster homes."

## Three Courses

But the fact remains that some women are temperamentally unsuited to caring for children, or untrained for housework, and, having been in the business world before marriage, find themselves happiest in that life. Many children would be better off in a good nursery school than under the constant nagging of an irritable, because unadjusted, mother.

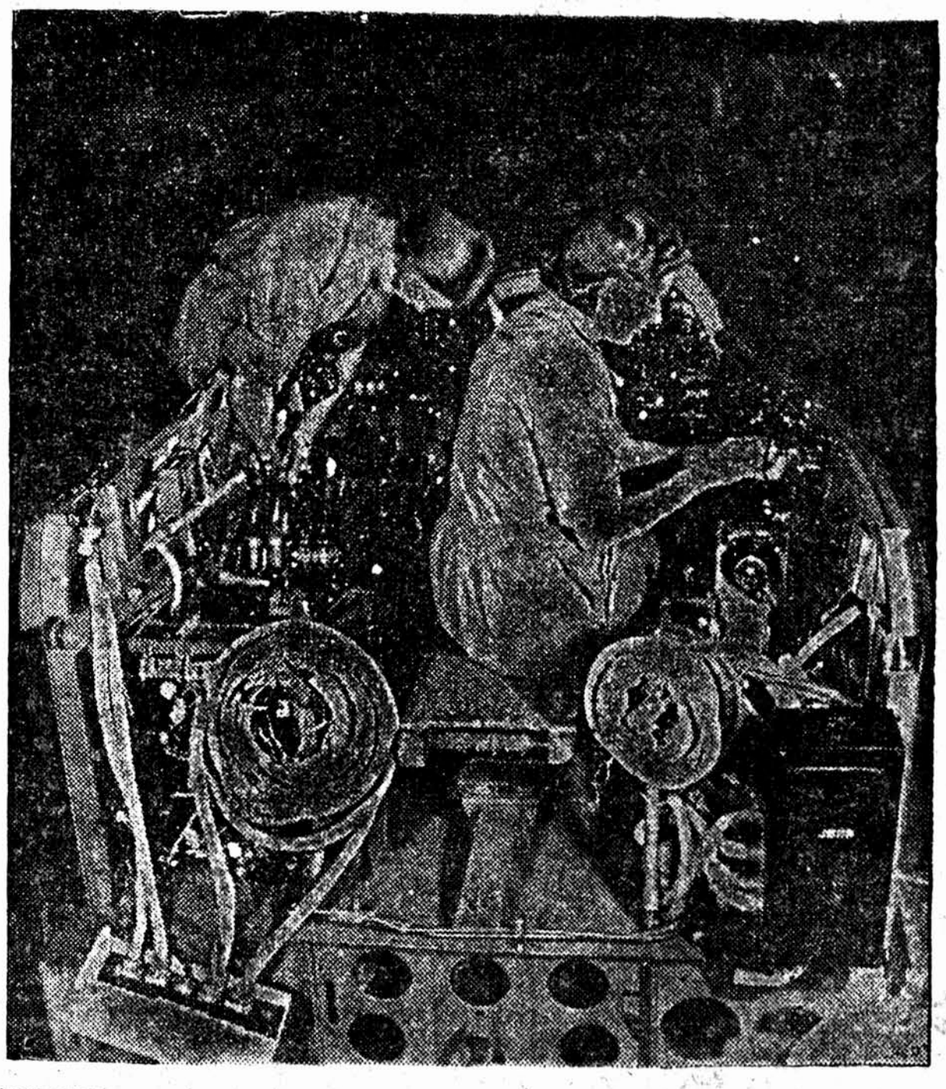
Many mothers come home to their children better able to give them affection and intelligent care because they have not had them all day long. But it is the rare woman who can successfully swing a job and a home with children. The problem pretty well boils down to one for individual decision. Although I believe most women will put the welfare of their children first, it seems only fair that society should provide a job opportunity for all who want to work or for all who must work irrespective of sex.

There are three courses we can follow. First, the Russian system, where all family life is subordinated to the needs of the State. Second we can cling to the old idea that woman's place is in the home and waste a lot of good citizens and make for more unhappy homes. Third, we can leave it to the individual choice and see to it that there are jobs for all who want them. This is a middle ground.

If we take this middle course there is still the need to emphasize that most young children will fare better in their homes—though the Russians might dispute this. But the important psychological element in this picture is that women would stay home only if that were their choice. If they wanted to work or had to work, the way would be open.

If Mme. Curie had not made such a choice the world might have lost one of its most distinguished scientists. I know it is not easy to do all three things. But I do not believe the children suffer under such circumstances as they are popularly supposed to. Mme. Curie's children have achieved their own distinction, helped by the richness of the lives of their parents. All women should have a chance to make their choice of home, children or career—or all three.

(—"New York Times Magazine.")



**'ELECTRIC GIRLS'—Installing electrical equipment in the pilots' cockpit of a Beaufighter plane.**

# A DINGY CITY TURNS TO LEAFY GRACE

**Before long, this slum-ridden, drab, dingy, unplanned city of ribbon buildings will by the endeavour of men—or rather by the initiative of women—turn to leafy grace.**

This city will be a cynosure of all eyes, no matter what the conditions of people are. These vast number of people, perplexed by the housing problem, will forget their worries, as they feast their eyes on the smiling gardens, balconies of houses, flaunting flamboyant potted flowers, terraces decked with plants with trusses of bloom or bending under the weight of fruits and vegetables.

Our knowledge of the plants will increase. Hitherto we have been blissfully ignorant of the lives and romance and the petty rivalries in the plant Kingdom. We have been bothering ourselves too much about lack of housing space bad food, annoying crowds and queues and spells of darkness due to shortage of coal.

## Two Appeals

Now the long-neglected Botanic Muse is coming into her own. We are harking back to the days when fields of rice and pomeloes graced the city before slums came to disfigure it. Only instead of rice fields, we will have flower, fruit and vegetable beds and pots.

Two appeals from two eminent ladies, with ready response, I expect, all around, are responsible for the coming magic transformation; one is from Mrs. Leela Bose, a horticulturist to grow—*via* the "mali"—more vegetables under the banner of the National War Front and the other is from Mrs. Leelavati Munshi to muster for a show of vegetables, flowers and fruits.

Both the appeals will rouse us from our apathy; they will evoke a lively interest in us in the craft and mystery of growing plants; they are bound to whip up our enthusiasm and, drowned as we are, in an acute political and economic malaise, take us out of ourselves, by employing our leisure hours in digging, planting, hoeing, pruning and gathering.

But it appears to me that Mrs. Bose's appeal is robbed of its grace by its narrow approach. It is fraught with dangers and difficulties which, I believe, the sponsor did not foresee.

## Battle Over Brinjals!

First, this partiality to vegetables only is likely to render a ticklish problem more difficult. Government is now engaged in a sort of a ding-dong battle with the vegetable dealers. The battle is still unresolved. The Government moves according to plan, while vegetable dealers are wholly reluctant to beat a retreat.

When Government shops put up for sale, brinjals and beans and cabbages, the retailers yield the palm in this particular sphere, but hoist prices in other varieties. Government switches over to some of these other varieties, abandoning the previous types which the retailers once again take up for special attention. And vegetables being many and varied and Government apparently being nervous to market all varieties, the battle goes on relentlessly and with vigour.

It may be true that the vegetable vendors are hit in some instances, but they have the satisfaction of seeing Government stake its reputation at the risk of losing its face on such paltry and "perishable" things! Where Government with all its vast machinery has failed to deal with this dangerous and elusive commodity, this brave lady has stepped forth to give us the stuff, cheap and plentiful. It is certainly a risky game and not worth the candle.

## Food For All

Second, this business of growing vegetables is left to "malis". The captains of industry at Malabar Hill will feel that in their green-houses, they will be no longer captains of their souls. They will be left to the mercies of the "malis." If the "malis" are novices in this new experiment, the lords of the mansions will have the frequent bewilderment of getting it all wrong and may be once again left to the mercies of the vegetable dealers. Between the inexperienced, unreliable, unavoidable servants and the greedy and the vindictive "sharks", their lot will be really pitiable.

But if the efforts of the "malis" are crowned with success, then the rich and the fortunate few will have retired from the battle and have vegetated up their garden paths with happy and contented looks and left the vast, weak, helpless majority to cross swords with the heartless and the unscrupulous vegetable hucksters who, willy-nilly, are bound to wring out their pound of flesh from those who are necessarily reduced in number which is, again, unjust and unfair.

Third, if the idea is to give cheap and plentiful food, let it be food for the majority, food for the roaming, food for the picking, whatever type of food it may be. The British Ministry of Food has given us the idea of food for the picking. Let the citizens of Bombay be enabled to enjoy the food on hedges which those who are privileged to own, may grow. People will go a-harvesting along the hedges of gardens of the rich, those of the University and of the Municipality. Let them pick the "haws and the hips." (For the benefit of the uninformed, let me hasten to add, in order to avoid any misunderstanding, that these things have nothing to do with men's vocal chords or women's enticing curves but only refer to certain types of berries).

**By**

**K. U. KINI**

## Broader Outlook

Finally, one who is interested in botany should have taken a better and broader outlook. We should have been told that the time has arrived for us to take an intelligent interest in all kinds of plants, whether they are beautiful and scented or are rilling with poison, because all of them are useful. Since, of the three kingdoms in the British nursery game, the "Vegetable" takes the pride of place and much more so during war time, as they have benefitted by experiments, let us not, in hopeless ignorance, misery and desperation, turn our backs to this region of promising bounty. Have not scientists and doctors found vitamin in grass, unlimited nourishment in waste-products of the sea ("plankton"), plentiful crops in cross-breeding by employing what was once regarded as worthless crouch grass?

Let us learn to respect the plants, no matter what their size, shape, smell, colour or condition. And how can any interest be evoked in them, if we know nothing about them? This is a role for the botanist to play. Let the Muse reveal the lives of plants and loves of the flowers.

This can be done by showing how plants are delicate, in some cases, how they become, at the approach of human beings, shy and self-defensive and generally, as the late Sir Jagadish Chandra Bose showed us, how they are demonstrably sensitive.

## The Acid Test

The mention of flowers wafts us to another spirit-world, with a haunting, fascinating fragrance, where we love to sit and think and wonder and dream. Who will not be charmed and become momentarily forgetful at the mention of a captivating garden of flowers, cool and soothing to the touch, sweet, soft, fragrant, aromatic.

Mrs. Leelavati Munshi, as if by a magic wand, made up for the lapse of another lady and thereby even made the Municipal Commissioner admit that the two Municipal officers who have agreed to lend their offices and their telephones for a show, scheduled to come off in March, were right in their judgement, though they did not take any previous permission to associate themselves with the show. Flowers were the acid test. If Mrs. Munshi had mentioned only about a vegetable show, perhaps, the unbending, uncompromising, bureaucratic steel-frame would have shown itself in its true metal; but the mention of flowers made it soften, bow and bend and it responded, like a soft rose petal, to the slightest, the most delicate feminine touch!

## Unfair To Gandhiji

It is, however, true that some of our city fathers indulged in uncharitable criticisms and in doing so encouraged the belief that they lacked knowledge and understanding of flowers. They characterised the show as inopportune, as Gandhiji and other leaders were still within the prison bars and that it afforded an opportunity for fine ladies to show themselves off. If only they had known Gandhiji's and other of our national leaders' love of flowers and plants, they would have been more emotional and human.

As for the latter argument, let me ask, if the pick of the flowers are going to be displayed in the projected show, why should the flower of our society abstain from it? If only those members had known something about those beautiful and beloved things, like "love-lies-bleeding", the "night Queen", the "eyebright", the "Blue-eyed Mary", not to mention the daisies and the daffodils and the varieties of the "Lords and Ladies", they would not have been so unthinking and cruel. Hitherto, in this neglected land of ours, full many a flower has been born to blush unseen and for want of a show, waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Further, these flowers do not make any distinction of class, caste or creed; they can be found on the expansive ground of the rich and also in the crannied walls of the slums! Only hitherto we have passed along their haunts, unattracted, unconcerned and unknown, without the urge born of understanding.

## In The Air

We will turn a new leaf.

Has not even the hard-headed Standing Committee of the Municipal Corporation, perhaps in keeping with the prevailing spirit and the pattern and designs of houses and patches of lands proposed to be shaped by the citizens, doubled the budget-grant for lining the streets, north of Bombay, with green plants?

When the show comes, the city will have a new appearance. British names may come trippingly along in the show. The common cabbage, has already been mentioned. Exotic orchids may mislead you. The unmistakable British influence may stick on. We will not mind and we will saunter along this Paradise, this new Eden, as brilliant with masses of colour as "England can show in her furze-clad commons, her glades of hyacinths, her fields of poppies, her meadows of buttercups and orchises, carpets of yellow, purple, azure, blue and fiery crimson."

This new pulse, beginning with a promise of bud and blossom and green is, I believe, already felt by birds and bees which are invading the city in swarms. The squirrels know all about it, for they have started flaunting their tails with a new jauntiness on their morning rounds. Rabbits have started their fruitful tours in search of the first, new, succulent roots. As I said, it is all in the air, and every creature is active.

Let not men and women alone lag behind. And when Bombay is transformed into a new city with a green roof, shrouded in a multi-coloured mantle, let us not be aloof, unaesthetic, cold and unresponsive.


we heartily thank

All who helped us to conclude with success the year we have just left behind, namely:

OUR FIGHTING FORCES, which kept our homes and working places safe,

OUR CUSTOMERS, who had full understanding and sympathy for us in our difficulties;

OUR BUSINESS FRIENDS, who in the face of many odds kept us supplied with vital materials;

OUR EMPLOYEES who by their sincere and efficient work kept us steadily progressing.

We believe they will extend their co-operation to us in this New Year also and we wish them all good health, happiness and prosperity.

Bata

# Hegemony Or Rivalry?

# Future Of Anglo-U. S. Naval Power

A WEEK OF WAR By N. G. Jog

DECEMBER, 31.

**It has been the brightest Christmas week of the war.**

**On land and in air, in the East and in the West the Allies have won local but significant successes, while the sinking of the German battleship, "Scharnhorst" off North Cape and of three destroyers and a blockade runner in the Bay of Biscay provided a brilliant Christmas present for the Royal Navy.**

Churchill struck the right note when he observed in a message to Admiral Fraser, C.-in-C. of the Home Fleet, that "All comes to him who knows how to wait." For it has been mostly a waiting and watching game which the Royal Navy has played in this war. It has once again justified its appellation of the "silent service."

No doubt it has scored a number of victories like those against the "Graf Spee" and the "Bismarck" and against the Italian navy at Matapan and Taranto, but they have been few and far between in the over-all picture of the war. And against these must be set down on the debit side the many bad knocks it has sustained. If the sinking of the "Prince of Wales" and the "Repulse" off Malaya two years ago was the most grievous loss suffered, the escape of the "Scharnhorst" and the "Gneisenau" right through the English Channel last year was the most galling.

The revenge has been delayed too long and meanwhile nothing very exciting has happened in naval annals except the surrender of the Italian Ney. That after all was a tame affair in itself and cannot in any way be compared with the ghastly grandeur of the surrender and scuttling of the German navy at Scapa Flow in the last war. The German High Seas Fleet then loomed large as a fearful menace even though it did not venture out of its home waters after the battle of Jutland.

## *Hitler Has No Sea Legs*

In this war the naval arm did not play any important role in the Nazi blitz technique. Hitler has never developed his sea legs and though he paid considerable attention to the construction of streamlined fleet, he never knew what exactly to do with it after he had built it. The Kaiser dared to challenge British naval supremacy while Hitler has been using his pocket battleships only as commerce raiders. And incidentally it was in such a wolfish foray that the "Scharnhorst" met its doom.

When it was realised that his capital ships represented so many infructuous assets, Hitler centred all his attention on the submarines. A new U-boat strategy—hunting in packs—was evolved by Admiral Doenitz and for some time he reaped a rich harvest. During the last six months, however, this menace has been gradually mastered and the number of merchantships sunk is nowadays generally less than the number of submarines destroyed. The expansion of the British and American navies, the vigilant patrolling of the Atlantic sea-lanes and the strategic use of the Azores base—all have been responsible for the present happy state of affairs.

The stalking and killing of submarines has not the high drama of a frontal encounter between capital ships. Besides, for security reasons, the Admiralty releases the news of merchantship sinkings only once a month. The Royal Navy is thus rarely in the lime-light. It has been, moreover, the stock British grudge that their Allies and the world at large (except perhaps cousin Uncle Sam) hardly realize the influence of sea-power and the crucial part which their navy plays in the conduct of continental campaigns. As the cliche goes England loses all battles but the last—and then (it may be added) it is not so much the army as the navy which wins it!

## *No Nelson Touch?*

It may be pointed out, however, that the conduct of the British Admiralty in this war has been the subject of much bitter comment in Britain itself. It is often remarked that the Royal Navy has lost the Nelson touch and has become too calculating and cautious. As eminent a sailor as Commander Stephen King-Hall believes that the Norwegian humiliation would not have occurred had the Admiralty played a decisive and daring role—even at the risk of heavy losses—on the very first day of the German invasion. It cannot be denied, moreover, that the amazing development of the air arm and Britain's initial weakness in aircraft-carriers cramped for a long time the style of the British sea-dogs.

In this as in the last war controversy centred round the personality of the First Sea Lord. Admiral Sir Dudley Pound, who until a few weeks before his attack recently filled that post, had neither the stature nor the glamour of "Jackie" Fisher, the creator of the Grand Fleet in the last war. He filled the bill with competence rather than distinction. Fisher, though he needed none, had many stalwart supporters in the fierce controversy with Churchill, which ultimately cost the latter his seat in the Cabinet. And it was, therefore, perhaps ironic that though Dudley Pound never opened his mouth to reply to his critics, he was loyally defended to the last by Churchill himself. In Sir Andrew Cunningham, the present First Sea Lord, the public has a figure more after its own heart.

## *U. S. Navy= Indian Army!*

It is interesting to reflect upon the future of sea-power. After the end of the war Britain and the United States will be the only two nations who will boast of a navy. In fact ninety per cent if not more of naval tonnage and almost hundred per cent of the sea bases in both the hemispheres will be held by these two countries. German sea-power is already crippled; the Italian navy will require a few decades to live down its disgrace; and as for Japan, her naval fangs will be thoroughly extracted at the end of the war. France will not be a world power for generations to come while the Soviet has never indulged in naval ambitions beyond a certain limit and that, too, in its own territorial waters.

The old refrain "Britannia rules the waves' will only be partially true after the war. She will do so only as the junior of Uncle Sam. who will henceforth command the supreme mastery of the high seas. He has already built not a two-ocean but a five-ocean navy and though it may sound paradoxical to say so, the very sky is the limit of American naval construction. As Secretary of the Navy, Knox revealed the other day, during the last year the U. S. Navy has doubled itself both in the number of vessels and in the strength of the personnel. She has more aircraft-carriers than all the other belligerents combined together ever had.

Yes. The sky is the limit for Uncle Sam's naval arm. And note that these aircraft-carriers presuppose a strong air arm, too. American public opinion is, moreover, crystallising in the belief that all the naval and air bases constructed, re-occupied and conquered by or leased and lent to U. S. A. throughout the world should in no way be surrendered to their previous owners after the war. Certain American leaders are not satisfied even with the 99-year lease of the British bases in the Caribbean and want the period to be extended to 999 years!

## *Hegemony Or Rivalry?*

This is to say that the talk of "Peace and goodwill among men" and co-operation and brotherhood among the United Nations may be all right in its own way but better still is the strong arm and the long arm. It may seem cynical to say so, when the sonorous periods of Roosevelt's Christmas broadcast are still ringing in one's ears. However, those who have followed the history of Anglo-American relations since World War I cannot but adopt a realistic attitude regarding (1) The present concentration of naval power leading to an Anglo-American hegemony over the world and also regarding (2) The present overwhelming strength of the U.S. Navy serving in the future as an apple of discord between these two powers themselves.

Britannia is a jealous mistress of the seas and she will not easily reconcile herself to play second fiddle to Uncle Sam.

Be that as it may in the future. At any rate it is a heartening thought that all these gigantic naval resources are being single-mindedly utilised at present to assemble the armies and the armaments for launching a frontal assault on Hitler's Fortress of Europe. Roosevelt revealed in his recent speech that by next July five million Americans will be serving in the U. S. armed forces overseas. A considerable proportion of these must be earmarked for the second front, though their exact number is not known.

And this in itself has led to cross-Atlantic talk. A certain nosey American senator began the unfortunate controversy by blurting out his "information" that the U. S. A. will provide 73 per cent of the army for the attack on Europe! The alleged quota had naturally led to much heart-burning among the yankees, which does not seem to have been salved even by the official Washington plea that the exact proportion of the invading forces is a military secret which cannot be divulged. In fairness to the yankees, it should be stated, however, that the real mischief was started by General Smuts who during his recent visit to England gratuitously asked Uncle Sam to hold the second front baby.

## *What A Spectacle!*

Those who are indulging in this war of percentages may well reflect on the appalling losses suffered ungrudgingly by the Soviet people. The casualties in dead, wounded. missing and prisoners of war are themselves equal to the total number of the armed forces which the U. S. A. will ultimately send overseas or which the British Commonwealth has put in the field in the fifth year of war. It is a sobering, overwhelming thought.

The flower of Russia, the first generation raised up and nurtured in the Soviet way of life, the blood-stream that would have fertilised the Fatherland is now no more. Young Russia lies dead and rotting on the steppes and tundras or is maimed and mutilated beyond recognition or hope.

Apart from this, hundreds of cities and thousands of villages are razed to the gound and their civilian population, men, women and children are massacred or carried away as slaves to Germany. Their number will never be known though it may easily run into millions.

In spite of this Russia is still bearing the full weight of the Wehrmacht singlehanded, unyielding and uncomplaining. What a spectacle the Anglo-American controversy provides against this background at a time when—at long last—the second front is being actively planned!

# They Will Defeat Hitler:

General "Ike" Eisenhower.
*Supreme Commander-in-Chief.*

**Air Chief Marshal Wm. Tedder**
*Deputy Supreme Commander.*

**General Bernard Montgomery**
*Commander of British Group of Armies.*

**Lt.-General Carl Spaatz**
*Commander American Strategic Bombing Force.*

# N. C. KELKAR'S LITERARY ACHIEVEMENTS

## Eminent Success As Author, Journalist And Tilak's Lieutenant: Failure As Political Leader

By T. V. PARVATE

**A few friends and admirers of Mr. N. C. Kelkar recently celebrated the completion of 70 years by him at Poona. In memory of this event and as a recognition of Mr. N. C. Kelkar's incomparable services to Marathi literature, they collected a sum of Rs 10,000 and offered the same to the University of Bombay for founding and awarding every year a gold medal to the candidate who will take Marathi language and literature as his special subjects for the M. A. examination of the University of Bombay and stand first in order of merit. The University has gratefully accepted this offer.**

### *Tilak's Colleague And Companion*

This was a very appropriate way of doing honour to one, who for the last fifty years has devoted himself to writing, day in and day out. Mr. Kelkar is an Arts and a Law graduate of the University of Bombay and before joining the late Lokamanya Tilak in 1898 as a life-long companion and colleague, he attempted to settle down at Satara as a legal practitioner.

Mr. Kelkar has been an ardent and even successful advocate of many a cause, but for any discriminating person it is easy to see that his mental make-up is more that of the judge who examines the 'pros' and 'cons' of a question with equanimity and adjudicates on merits than of the advocate who is given to emphasize the strong points of his case and ignore the weak ones.

Endowed with a temperament like this, he jumped at the offer Tilak made him on the initiative of the late Mr. R. P. Karandikar to take up the editorship of the "Mahratta" and lecture in a private Law Class that Tilak was conducting to cover his deficits from "Kesari" and the "Mahratta", possibly because he guessed that writing, incessant writing offered him the best chances for exercising those qualities of his to which I have referred.

### *Journalistic Activities*

For a number of years, Mr. Kelkar continued to be the editor of the 'Mahratta'. To be precise he was in charge of that paper till he left for England in 1919 as one of the members and Secretary of the Home Rule League Deputation.

Between 1898 and 1918, he had for years to take up the responsibility of editing 'Kesari' also, although it would appear that the late Mr. Tilak always wanted Mr. K. P. Khadilkar to look after the expression of his views and opinions in Marathi, the language in which 'Kesari' is published.

While in England, Mr. Kelkar was asked by Messrs Baptista and Tilak to work as joint editor of "India", the organ of the British Congress Committee in those days with Miss Normanton. During the internment of Mrs. Besant, Mr. Kelkar was deputed to help the late Mr. P. K. Telang in bringing out the 'New India' as Mr. Horniman was also deputed for a few days. Mr. Kelkar continued to be the editor of the quarterly journal of the Poona Sarvajanik Sabha for many years.

I have no doubt that, had the late Mr. Tilak lived long enough and had his English daily the "Democrat" come out according to his plans made on the eve of his death with Mr. Baptista's co-operation, Mr. Kelkar would have been asked to occupy the editorial chair of that paper, too.

Since 1919, till about five years ago, Mr. Kelkar was editor of 'Kesari' and still continues to take active interest in 'Sahyadri' the Marathi monthly periodical conducted by the Kesari-Mahratta institution for about the last ten years.

### *Voluminous Literary Output*

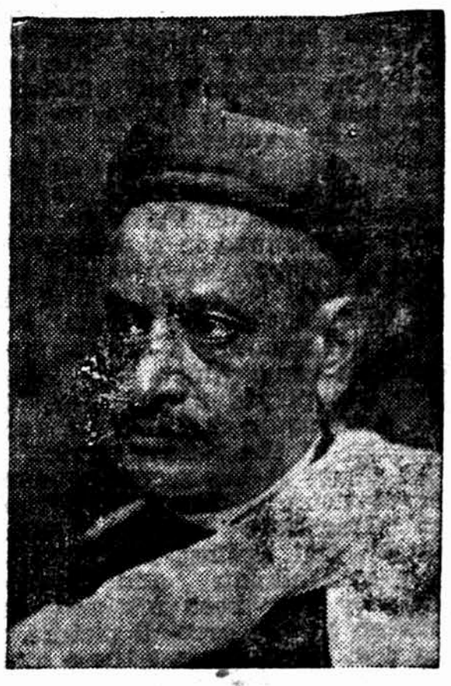
I have enumerated all these bare facts with a view to give a clear and definite idea as to the position Mr. Kelkar holds in the domain of Indian journalism. He is not only a contemporary of Mr. Natarajan, Mr. Chintamani, Mr. Rangaswami Iyengar and Mr. Kalinath Roy, but also their peer and, perhaps, more versatile than all of them in that his interests and sympathies have been wider, to which his writings on a variety of subjects easily testify.

But what is rather surprising is that he is not merely a journalist. He is more a man of letters than a journalist. His wide reading, his erudition, his literary style have made his writings even in the newspapers of more than ephemeral value. One is amazed how he found time to write treatises on wit and humour and on philosophy, how he managed to write half a dozen dramas and as many novels and a biography of Tilak running into 2,000 pages.

But he has achieved all this and he is still in harness. Every month you will find a couple of contributions of his in 'Sahyadri' or 'Vangmayashobha' or 'Kesari' or somewhere else or you may chance to see the announcement of some new book of his.

Industry, indefatigable industry, an equable temperament, a dispassionate attitude towards all happenings and affairs and habitual anxiety to keep on doing something useful all the time are responsible for his great achieve-

(Continued On Page 11)



Mr. N. C. Kelkar as President of the Marathi Literary Conference at Baroda in 1920

*Mr. N. C. Kelkar, the veteran Maharashtra leader is not much in the news of late. He is entitled to a well-kept retirement from public life but the habit of a life-time does not let him take it. Whenever he intrudes in the political field, he is usually unwelcome, but whenever he does so in the literary field, he is cordially welcomed. Our contributor reviews his career as a politician and a pen-man.*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**Wanted Agents or Wholesale dealers.** Apply The Luxmi Button Mfg. Co., 66, Nawabpur Road, Dacca (Bengal). (3634)

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# HOW "MET MEN" AID R. A. F. RAIDS

It is obvious that night bombing depends for its success on concentrated devastation and the more the time of attack can be compressed the more efficient is the bombing and less dangerous is the enemy night fighter.

And we have now reached a stage when 700 bombers can find their way to a target through a cloud perhaps three miles high (and keep together) without once seeing the ground during the flight.

Yet while the pilot of 1943 has all manner of navigational aids that were scarcely more than a dream at the beginning of the war, he is still dependent upon accurate weather forecasts. Inaccurate wind forecasts might bring some bombers over the target too early and others too late and the desired concentration in time and space would be impossible to obtain. The defences would accordingly be more efficiently handled.

In four years of war, the problems of the meteorologist have not altered much. Today our meteorologists often depend for guidance on observations they take over a very small area in Britain.

### Astonishingly Accurate

Every aircraft which flies over the sea or over the enemy territory is in effect a meteorological observation station for crews bring back weather data which helps the experts at home. But whatever the method of forecasting they use, the meteorologists are almost astonishingly accurate.

Often the "met men" predict that an aerodrome at a point will be unusable at 4 a.m. because of fog, but that there will be perfect visibility until 5 a.m. at stations a few miles away. Group commanders can, therefore, instruct the crews to return to clear the aerodromes and if crippled bombers are behind their schedule, there is now an elaborate flying control system to help them home.

Some tim ago not many bombers could return to their home bases. But the raid was carried out and every aircraft landed safely on aerodromes in Scotland or West England.

Luckily Britain now has so many aerodromes that diversions are practicable though the crews naturally prefer to return to their home bases if they can.

(—"The Observer")

---

A man went to see his doctor about a pain in his back, which had been troubling him since morning. The doctor gave him the once-over, and in a few seconds the pain vanished.

The caller was overjoyed, and said, "That's quick work, Doctor. Was it rheumatism?"

"No," was the reply. "Your braces were twisted!"

# *Moscowites Help To Rehabilitate Destroyed Villages*

By Lopetina

Nothing but a heap of ruoble remained in the village of Butovka after the Germans abandoned it; this is what happened to dozens of other villages in the Borovsky district in the Moscow region.

In the winter of 1941 women, children and old men of 16 families remained without shelter. They dug mud huts and began the rebuilding of their collective farm under the leadership of Yevgenia Marzlyakova—whose husband, two sons and a daughter were at the front—together with 19 other compatriots of the village. Six of these brave fighters were awarded with orders and medals.

In spring the women put the collective farm in a good working order, successfully carried out the sowing campaign and provided themselves with food products. But construction was beyond their strength, and the Moscow Workers' People's Commissariats of the oil industry and electric power stations came to their rescue. Plans were drawn up and construction work was started at once.

Now 16 dwelling houses are being erected along the highway; a kindergarten and a creche for the accommodation of 50 children will be situated in the centre of the village. Each house will have a garden, chicken coop, piggery and a barn. The gardens will have attractive hedges around them. A strip of 15 metres stretching between the highway and the house will be set aside for orchard. On the other side of the highway behind a row of trees, a collective farm, cattleyard, stable, chicken farm and granaries will be located.

Formerly the peasants had to lug water for two and a half kilometres; now the drillers of the oil industry are building three wells in the village. There will also be two ponds.

### Supplies For Children

The Moscowites are not only helping to build the dwelling houses, but assisting with furnishing them and getting supplies of utensils and furniture.

Children in Butovka have already been provided with clothes, shoes, underwear, books, copybooks and pencils.

The initiative of the workers of the People's Commissariats of the "oil industry" and electric power stations was followed by the institutions of the Molotov district in Moscow which have adopted the Borovsky district. For instance, the workers of the People's Commissariats of food and electrical industries have undertaken to reconstruct the village of Ryzhkovo. The workers of the distilling and bread trusts have decided to build two houses each for the Ryzhkovo peasants.

The workers are shipping to these districts nails, door and window frames, paints, carpenters' clay, saws, axes, lime, chalk door and window handles, chisels hammers, wire; as well as clothes, shoes and school supplies for children.

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—The Hon'bl Mr. Justice N. S. LOKUR & Mrs. LAXMIBAI LOKUR

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AT POONA 'New Apollo" from 1st January.

# SILHOUETTE COMPETITION

**Silhouette Competitions are very popular and well-known to our readers but the Competition this time is such as would enable those who take part in it to secure fairly large prizes, and thus commence a prosperous New Year. There is an added attraction, this time, of Rs. 5,000/-. We, therefore, trust that those, who wish to secure a decent sum by way of a prize, will surely take part in it.**

**The illustrations A, B, C, . . . . are well-defined Silhouettes of certain objects. From each of these Silhouettes a part is cut off and reproduced (not necessarily in the same position), on the opposite page under numbers 1, 2, 3, . . . . . You are to find out the parts belonging to the respective Silhouettes.**

**For example, a part of the object "H" is cut off and reproduced in other position in No. "8". The white dotted lines in "H" are given only to show exactly where the cuts were put to obtain the part shown in No. "8". Thus No. "8" is entered against "H" in the coupon.**

**You may similarly fill in the rest of the coupon and send as many entries as you like with annas eight per coupon, before 5th January, 1944 subject to and observing the following rules:—**

1. Competitor's name and address must be written in full in block Capital letters on each and every entry coupon.

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3. Solution of this Competition will be accepted only on our entry coupons. Not more than one number should be entered against each letter.

4. Insufficient Entrance Fee enclosed with entries will disqualify them

5 All entries must be received in this Office by the last Post on the closing date given below. Any entry received after this date will not be included in the competition.

6. Corrected or mutilated entries or those having more than one number entered against any letter will be disqualified

7 In case of ties, the Management reserves the right to distribute the Prize Money among the winning competitors in any manner they like.

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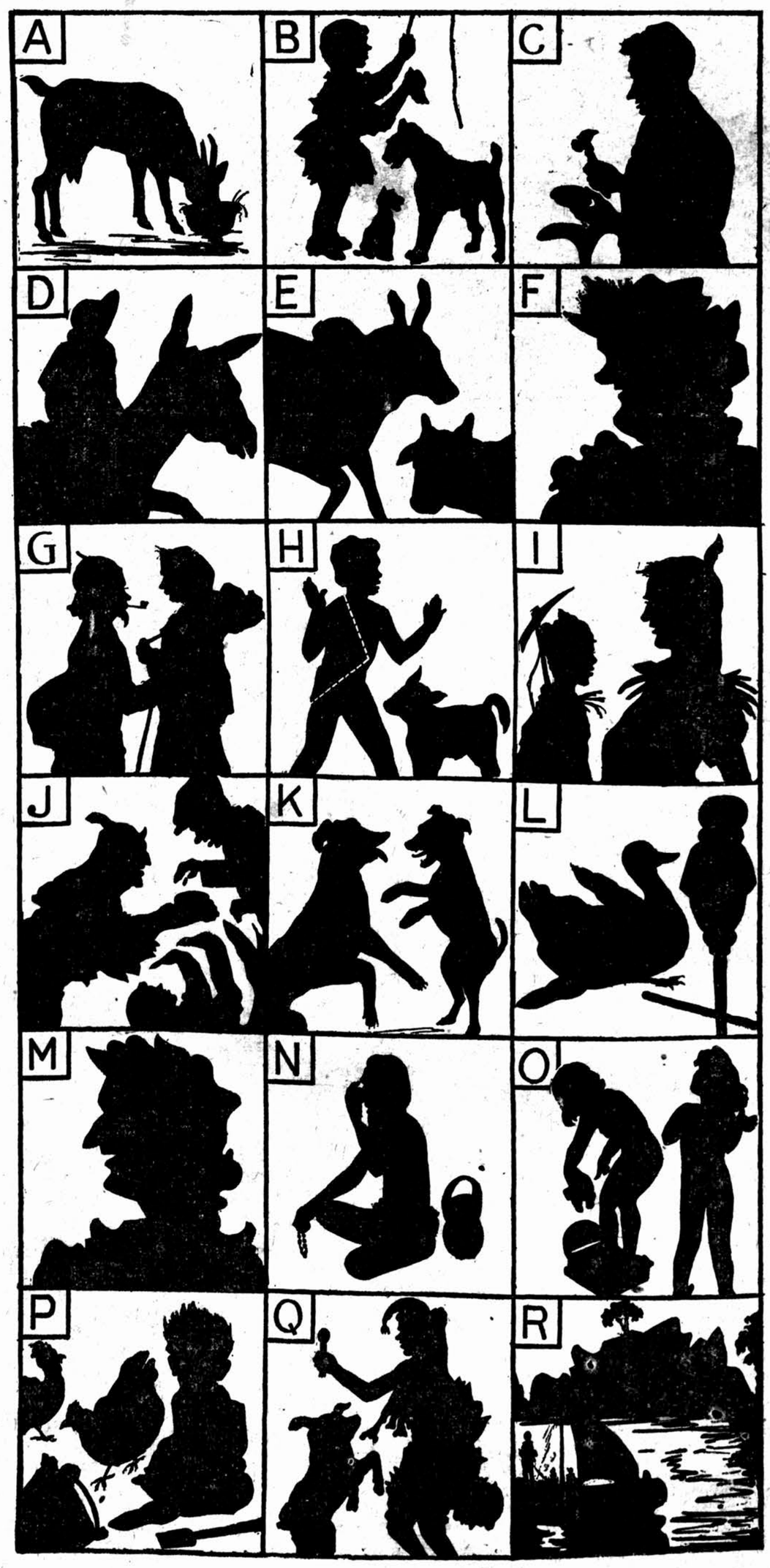


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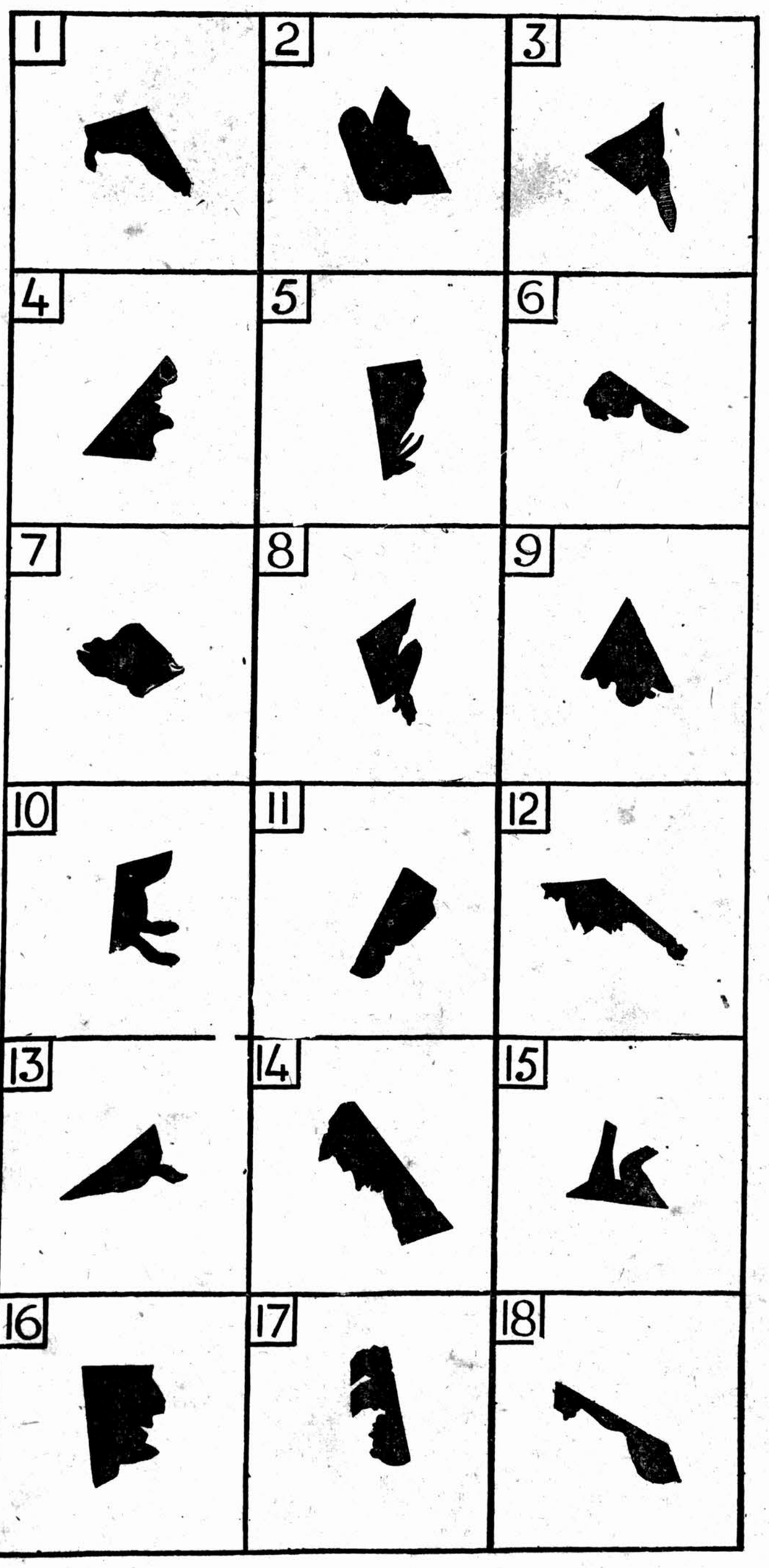


**Silhouette Competition.**

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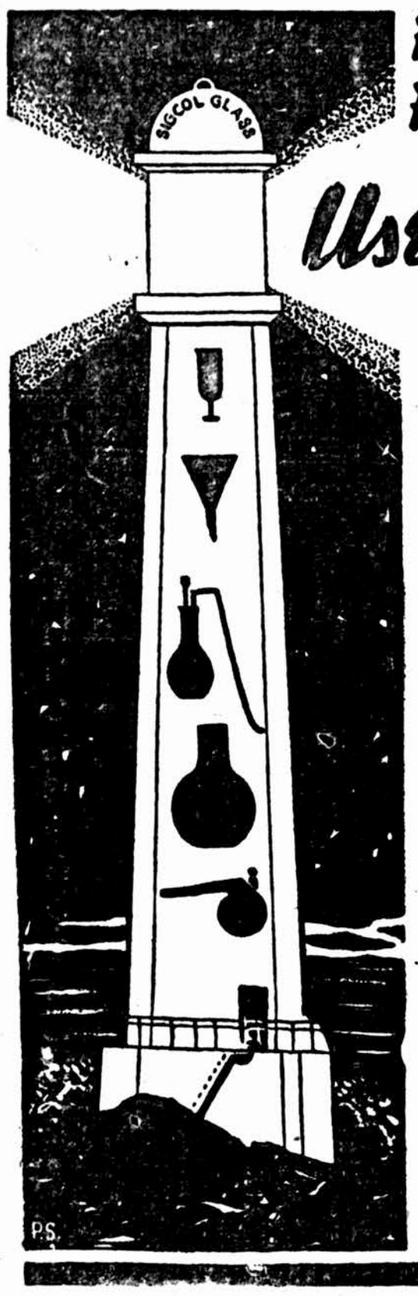


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# STORY OF BATTLE OF SUPPLIES

## AIR POWER'S ROLE IN TILTING BALANCE IN ALLIED FAVOUR

*By Wing Commander L. V. Fraser*

**As the war progresses, it becomes more and more apparent that in the present phase of the Anglo-American operations at least, it is a battle of supplies.**

In this battle air power is throwing the balance in favour of the Allies. In the west Allied bombers based on Britain pound German supplies at their factory source as and when the weather allows. The Mediterranean-based bombers of the Strategic Air Force perform the same operation on factories in South Germany and Austria as well as North Italian factories still attempting to produce for Germany.

On both air fronts, fighters and fighter bombers go after the material massed on the factory bench. Road and rail transport is harried unceasingly. That this is having a direct effect is obvious from even the superficial study I have been able to make recently in the Italian battle areas.

All roads leading to the Anglo-American frontlines in Italy are crammed with supply vehicles, not worried by the slightest threat of enemy attack. On the other hand, Allied pilots have great trouble in finding enemy transport targets, so few are they on the roads and the railways leading to the German lines. Air superiority is so complete that the Luftwaffe offers little protection to its sorely harried convoys

### Major Score

So badly are the German supplies coming through that in many cases German units have been instructed to live on the country since it is impossible to guarantee further supplies; this is a major score for Allied air forces and a major advantage to the Fifth and the Eighth Armies fighting not only determined and well-placed Germans but also the worst possible weather and topographical conditions. In every kind of fighting supplies are important, but in the Mediterranean they are absolutely essential if all the disadvantages of terrain are to be overcome

The importance of this matter of supply was demonstrated in the figures given me in Malta by an officer who went all through the siege of the island. Although Malta is well behind the battle now and is more a matter of history than operational importance, yet it is worth while noting that the role of Malta was not merely a passive and defensive one

Malta played a vital part in the turning of Rommel at El Alamein and it was all done by the same business of stopping of supplies. As in the Mediterranean in the days of Malta's struggle and now in Italy, where as struggle is on for the possession of Rome, it emerges from the bombing operations over Germany itself that the strategical target of the Britain-based force is enemy supply lines to all battlefronts he is fighting on.

Frankfurt, the centre of chemical industry and one of the major industrial cities, was struck with more than 2,000 tons of high explosives and incendiaries. A secondary attack on Mannheim-Ludwigshaven caused a diversion of German night fighters unable to discern immediately from which force the major attack was coming Leipzig was battered earlier and although the results cannot now be stated, the pattern of the attack emerged clearly Supply, supply—always supply. That is why it is useful to consider the effects achieved in Malta and on the mainland of Italy

### Straining Germany's Lines

Squadrons based on Malta sank and damaged in the period from March, 1941, until June, 1943, a total of 400,000 tons of enemy shipping crossing the Mediterranean with supplies for Rommel. The Beaugorts and the Albacores, the Wellingtons, the Beaufighters, the Baltimores and the Spitfires of the Malta offensive force not only sank 400,000 tons of Axis shipping. They forced the enemy convoys into hundreds of miles of diversion and held up supplies to the Afrika Korps for an incalculable time. The original Axis route was from Naples direct to Palermo—Pantellaria and so to Tripoli. The Allied squadrons made that too expensive.

The route was changed to give the convoys security of Cape Bon and a run along the Tunisian coast. The Albacores made a happy hunting ground of the Kerkenna islands and once more the route was changed. The enemy tried to slip through the Messina Straits and hug the coast to Taranto and then slip across either to Benghazi or Tripoli. That too placed him at the mercy of the implacable Beaufighters. So once more he was forced to change his route. He ran down to the toe of Italy from Naples through the heavy flaked Messina Straits up the sole of the foot and across to the Greek coast before he turned south for a final run across to Benghazi.

By that time they were out of the range of the Albacores, but day-flying Beauforts still picked them right up at the time of the El Alamein battle. The delay caused by this wide diversion was terrific and the shortage of supply to Rommel fatal. The significance of the enemy operation was that it was launched from the supposedly beleaguered island of Malta and it so withheld supplies from Rommel that its contribution to his defeat at El Alamein was indisputable.

As the meagre forces of Malta spelled disaster to Rommel at El Alamein, so are the Britain-based bomber forces of the Anglo-Americans writing the preliminary words of defeat across the last pages of Hitler's struggles. As in the Mediterranean, so it is in the west of Europe now. The battle will go to the strong in supply. Germany's supply lines are already strained to the endurance point by the same tenacity of purpose and ingenuity of attack that characterised the Malta effort.

## *THE STALINGRAD SWORD*
### *Fashioned By 83-Year-Old Craftsman*

**By PATRICK SARSFIELD**

When Britain sought supreme craftsmanship for the fashioning of the Sword of Honour for Stalingrad, she gave the job to bespectacled, sturdy 83-year-old Tom Beasley. "Old Tom" has made thousands of swords: swords for five reigning sovereigns scimitars for the Shah of Persia swords for Abyssinian warriors.... but none, he says, a prouder job than this

Tom is one of a million elderly people—men and women of 60 and over—who are doing voluntary war work in Britain to-day. And a million manpower units adds up to a triumphant winning team of these veteran volunteers

Under the shadow of one of Britain's historic castles Abel Peirce, aged 92 and one of England's oldest wheelwrights, left his corner chair to help his young sons—men of 60 and 70—with War Office contracts Not far away, Britain's eldest working saddler, 92-year-old Frederick Ewens, has been similarly fulfilling Army contracts

One could tell of thousands of others. Age to-day joins hands with youth to blaze the hopeful trial of the future.

---

Both were proud of being men of the world, but probably James possessed more worldly wisdom than Ted.

"Old fellow", he said, "you can't kiss a girl unexpectedly."

"Oh, yes you can!" retorted Ted, indignantly "I've done so!"

"That's what you think," replied James, gravely "The nearest you can come to it is to kiss her sooner than she thought you would."

# A Close-Up Of Casey

## Bengal's Governor-Designate

Considerable resentment has naturally been caused in this country by the appointment of the Australian Mr. Casey as Bengal's Governor. It cannot be denied, however, that he is a man of wide ability and experience. Canberra, London, Washington, Cairo—he has seen service in many parts of the world and his selection by Mr. Churchill for Calcutta—as Wavell's for Delhi—can be explained as essentially a war appointment.

**The Rt. Hon'ble Richard Gardiner Casey, whose appointment as Governor of Bengal has been announced, is one of those who builds for the future, who believes: "The past is behind us and is unalterable—but the future is ours to be made something of."**

He fought in the 1914-1918 war—the war waged in the hope of building peace out of chaos. He was only 24 then, just down from Cambridge and returned to Australia, where he had been born in August, 1890, and had gone to school and Melbourne University.

The A.I.F. came to Europe and Casey enlisted and came with it. He went this time not to Trinity Hall, Cambridge, as in 1913, but to France and Gallipoli, where he won the M.C. and the D.S.O. and was mentioned three times in despatches in the next four years.

After the war (Major) Casey decided that his education and training were still far from complete and he virtually returned to school again to take a training course in engineering. But engineering and business—the gold-mining and wool-broking concerns inherited from his father—did not satisfy Casey in 1924. He was young and strong, 34, and he wanted to be concerned with the future the future that he already felt, perhaps, to be "ours to be made something of."

### Seven Years In London

Therefore he abandoned business as a career, turning to politics and foreign service. He had lived in the United Kingdom and his first appointment was as Political Liaison Officer between the Australian Government and the Foreign Office.

In London he made many friends, he learned the ways of international intercourse and he got to know, as he could have done by no other means, many of the men concerned in the government and administration of Britain and the Colonial Empire as well as the representatives of other countries in the United Kingdom For seven years (1924-1931) he was in London, returning several times to Australia during that period to keep in close touch with his Government, at first under the joint leadership of Mr. Stanley Bruce and Sir Earle Page and then under Mr. Scullin. In 1927 his visit home was for a considerable time and he became established at Canberra as Foreign Affairs Officer but after some months he went back to Whitehall.

Bound up with politics were problems of finance and economics, and Richard Casey, realising that he knew little on this subject, determined to learn. He read, he studied he had tutorials from experts, among them Professor Gregory of Manchester University. He studied economics when there were problems such as there had never been before, when the depression was showing its first signs and later gathering momentum.

He went back to enter home politics and stood as United Australia Party candidate for Corio, Victoria. Corio elected him as its member for the House of Representatives and returned him at each successive election

MR. CASEY.

*Essentially a war appointment!*

until 1940 when he resigned his seat to go abroad once more.

Casey held no office for his first two years as M.P.; then in 1933 he became Assistant Federal Treasurer and two years later Federal Treasurer. In 1937 he was appointed Minister of Development.

### First Minister To U.S.A.

With the coming of war in 1939 the Ministry of Development expanded to include Supply. Though nominally this was to cover civil needs, it began and has always been greatly concerned with defence requirements and therefore with the manufacture of machines, weapons, aircraft, small arms and machine tools. In the spring of 1940 Mr. Menzies, the Prime Minister, decided to extend the country's Foreign Service by appointing an Australian representative in Washington and Richard Casey was given this post.

As first Minister to the U.S.A. he sailed for America with his wife, Ethel Marion Sumner Ryan, daughter of the late Surgeon General Sir Charles Ryan, whom he married in 1926, and his young son and daughter.

In the Middle East as Minister of State not only had he much to do with the work of the Middle East Supply Centre but also he had to keep open, and where possible, extend communications between Britain India, Australia and New Zealand and all the countries of the Middle East and the Levant; he had also to maintain the barriers between the Axis enemies in Europe and Asia To these ends he began almost immediately to journey to all the many countries concerned, Iraq, Persia Palestine, Syria.

Mr. Casey, who speaks well and fluently and speaks his mind, who is good-looking and energetic, who works tirelessly but enjoys life too, whether it is duty or pleasure, once said: "The most that anyone can ask, in these days, is a place in which to serve, however difficult the sphere—and, in my case, under conditions that undoubtedly will stretch one to the uttermost."

# N. C. KELKAR'S LITERARY ACHIEVEMENTS

*(Continued From Page '6)*

ments, which none of his contemporaries can claim

### *Encyclopaedic Kelkar Literature*

The achievements are very great, indeed. His nephew, Mr. Manohar Kelkar, who is conducting the 'Vangmayashobha' published in 1938 everything that Kelkar wrote till then in 12 big volumes of 1,000 pages each. The acquisition is encyclopaedic not only in appearance but content also. This collected Kelkar literature is a mine of information, guidance and wisdom. It covers India's history of the last fifty years, with no important happenings omitted.

Yet, these volumes contain only his writings in Marathi. His writings in English will easily make a volume of this size. And so far as writing is concerned, Mr. Kelkar is by no means in retirement! His pen is ever ready; to be precise his tongue and his mind are ever ready to dictate whenever a writer is by his side and his enthusiasm for work when he is in his seventies will put to shame any young man in his thirties.

### *Many Facets To Career*

I have so far spoken of Mr. N. C. Kelkar chiefly as a penman, a literary man. But there are many facets to his character and career which deserve notice, though on his own admission he loves the writer in him the most.

I can quote here an indication of his real leanings. Both Tilak and Kelkar had their golden jubilee celebrated in a public manner. Tilak was given a purse of a lakh of rupees on that occasion which he immediately made over to the Home Rule League with an addition of his own. Mr. Kelkar who was inseparably associated with his politics for all his life made a donation of Rs. 8,000 for some scholarships for proficiency in Marathi. Politics never was his first choice.

As a speaker, Mr. Kelkar is in demand everywhere, though he lacks most of the qualities that go to make a good and popular speaker. He is not quite as fluent as Mr. Jayakar or fighting and militant like Mr. Savarkar. He has not a sweet or musical voice, nor a vigorous voice such as people who sweep mass meetings have. Yet he is one of the most popular of speakers.

Mr. Kelkar chiefly relies on logic, argument, timely humour and appeal to the reason of the audience. He has an eminently pursuasive way and an almost homely style of speech-making. You will always leave a meeting that Mr. Kelkar addresses a wiser or in any case a better informed person.

### *Sastri And Kelkar*

*I can still recall a lucid lecture that Mr. N. C. Kelkar delivered somewhere in the middle of 1916 at what was then the New Poona College on the Montagu Report. In about a couple of hours, he explained the whole scheme and commented on its good points and deficiencies. And I can also recall a lecture on the same subject by Mr. Srinivasa Sastri at Fergusson College.*

*Mr. Sastri, in an hour's time, could not go beyond the preamble and his learned phrases and effort at precise language left all undergraduates cold. Mr. Sastri's cultivated eloquence, correct accent and faultless English proved useless while educating young men of moderate understanding into the mysteries of Montagu Reforms while the same or similar audience was altogether pleased with Mr. Kelkar.*

I have no doubt in pure, ornamental public speaking Mr. Sastri was and always has been Mr. Kelkar's superior, Mr. Kelkar is particularly good when he speaks in Marathi, which is the medium he usually prefers for public speaking. All the same his speeches in the Legislative Assembly and other provinces than Maharashtra which were inevitably in English were appreciated for their literary grace, urbanity of manner, information and moderation.

### *Failure As Political Leader*

Mr. Kelkar was thrown in the midst of the political movement because of his association with Tilak. He, therefore, passed as a Tilakite and even Extremist for quite a long time. By temperament and predilection, he has been a moderate, a believer in compromise and a lover of peace. He made an excellent lieutenant of Tilak and a suave interpreter of his public policies.

But when leadership of a whole province devolved upon him as editor of 'Kesari' and all that went with it, the onerous burden proved too much for him. Steadiness became rare in his behaviour. During the last 20 years, his politics have been enigmatic. He had too many swings to and fro. His constructive frame of mind found a correct outlet only in literature.

As a confirmed moderate politician sticking to his views and resolutely propagating them, he would have succeeded. But he was always torn between conflicting loyalties. The result now is that he is no more a leader. He is esteemed throughout the country as a prudent patriot in the same way in which the Rt. Hon. Tej Bahadur Sapru, the Rt. Hon. Srinivas Sastri and others are.

Mr. Kelkar possesses the virtue of self-criticism in a very eminent degree and his autobiography published in 1939 affords us clear glimpses into this special quality of his. He has subjected himself to a very critical analysis, such as few of the students of his career could have ever done. There is scarcely a more esteemed man in all circles in Maharashtra than Mr. Kelkar and that is so because of this great virtue of his.

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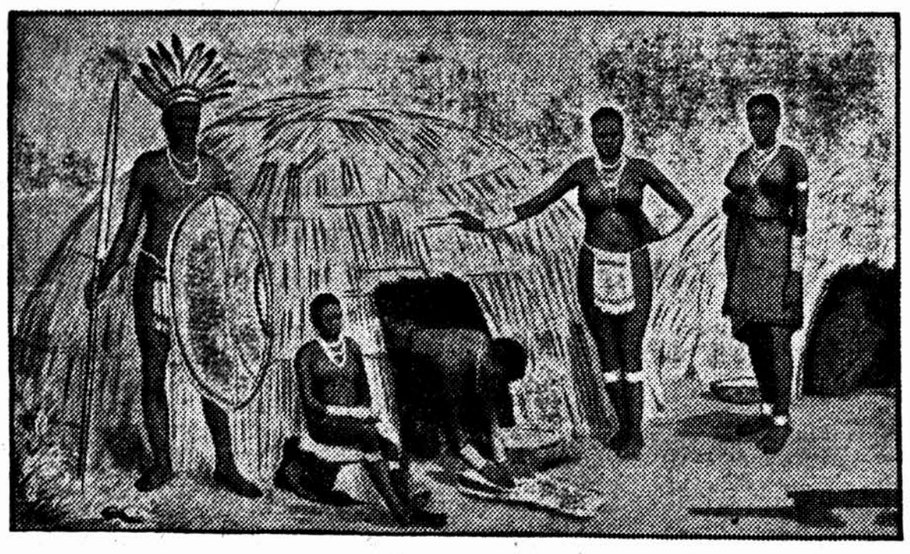

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# *Sporting Activities Of The Cricket Club Of India*

By J. C. MAITRA

I have received a copy of the Ninth Annual Report of the Cricket Club of India, Limited. It is for the year ended 31st March 1943. "It may be considered satisfactory" the Report says, that there was an excess of income over expenditure this year to the tune of Rs. 49,187 as against Rs. 6,650 in the preceding year, "particularly looking to the fact that there was no income from the Pentangular Tournament, as the same did not take place during the year." Further, "members will be pleased to note that Messrs. Shapurji Pallonji and Co.'s claim against the Club has now been satisfactorily settled."

Again, "Debentures subscribed upto 31st March 1943 amount to Rs. 9,10,900 and the debenture interest during the year amount to Rs. 42,674". This in plain language means that the club is still in debt to the extent of nine lakhs of rupees and more and will have to pay over forty-two thousand rupees annually as interest until this debt is paid off!

### AVENUES OF INCOME

Looking to the Income and Expenditure Account, I notice that the largest avenues of income were wines which brought in Rs. 4,05,961. Messing Rs. 2,76,548, card room Rs. 31,347 Aerated and mineral waters Rs. 41,415, cigars and cigarettes Rs. 24,630. Rent of chambers less expenses Rs. 49,447. Rents of stands, plots, offices and shops amount to Rs. 60,000. The income from subscriptions amount to Rs. 1,36,609. After reading the foregoing figures one may imagine that I may have made a mistake with the accounts of a hotel.

But no, here are the figures for the various games:—Badminton Courts Rs. 6,043, Billiards Room Rs. 7,304, Sqash Courts Rs. 3,676, Tennis Courts Rs. 6,325, Swimming Pool Rs. 9,526, Table Tennis Rs. 199.

### EXPENDITURE ON GAMES

It would be interesting to take note of the sums spent on the various games during the year:—Badminton Courts Rs. 4,794, Billiard Room Rs. 1,311, Card Room Rs. 28,621, Squash Courts Rs. 1,426, Tennis Courts Rs. 7,087, Swimming Pool Rs. 3,450, Table Tennis Rs. 379, and Cricket expense Rs. 3,931. These are inclusive of salaries and Overhead expenditure. I leave it to my readers to figure out the percentage of these expenditures on sport in a total of Rs. 10,92,571!

### ACTIVITIES OF THE CLUB

Let us now turn to the activities of the Club. Regarding cricket, "The Club had a successful season under the Captaincy of Vijay Merchant who was again appointed Club Captain for the year. Out of a total of 56 matches, 21 were cancelled due to rain, 19 were drawn, 4 were lost and 12 were won. Vijay Merchant and A.A. Peerbhoy topped the batting and bowling averages respectively.

"It is a matter of great satisfaction" the Report continues, "that the Chairty Match which was sponsored by the Club in aid of the Bengal Cyclone and Bijapur Famine Relief Funds proved an unqualified success from the cricketing point of view as also on the financial side. The gate money and donations from members came to Rs. 38,512 which sum was equally divided between the two Funds.

### TENNIS, BADMINTON AND SWIMMING

Members of the Club and their guests continued to take full advantage of the Tennis Section, and the attendance was satisfactory. In spite of the shortage of Tennis balls, it was possible to run six courts as usual, but as stocks of balls are now being depleted, it is unlikely that all six courts will function hereafter."

The Badminton courts were well patronised throughout the year, the average daily attendance being 30. The first annual "C.C.I. Open Badminton Championsships" were held in the Sir Nowroji Saklatwalla Badminton Pavilion and they proved highly successful.

Since the privilege of Honorary Membership has been extended to Officers of the Services, the attendance at the Swimming Pool has increased considerably, the average daily attendance being 60. The Annual Swimming Gala was held on 3rd May, 1942 where a large and enthusiastic crowd witnessed keen competition and close finishes.

All the four squash courts were kept busy throughout the year

### CARD ROOM'S POPULARITY

The Billiard Room continued to be a popular attraction and all the three tables were fully occupied throughout the year, the average daily attendance being 78. During the year three tournaments were held.

The Card Room was more popular than ever, and with increased membership, it was crowded throughout the year Although the Smoking Room on the first floor has already been placed at the disposal of Bridge players, it is hardly enough to meet the increasing congestion in the existing accommodation in the Card Room and all possible means are being considered to provide extra accommodation as early as possible."

### DANCES AND DRINKS

"The Cocktail Dances with Ken Mac's Dance Band on Thursdays, and Sundays are extremely popular and continue to attract a very large number of members and guests."

"Both the Bar and the Catering Sections did well again during the year under review. Owing to rationing of grains and sugar and the difficulty experienced by the management in obtaining other supplies and liquors, the Committee has been obliged to curtail the hours of drink and to reduce the number of guest days to three per week."

### IDLER'S PARADISE

I have purposely given in detail the various activities of the Club so that the public may know what is going on in the biggest sporting institution in the country which has cost over twenty lakhs of rupees to build. Of course, I leave on the Turf Clubs from consideration as I do not class racing as a sport. The ruling deities of the C. C. I. may vehemently protest that the Club is not a drinking or gambling place. But the figures I have quoted tell their own tale. Not a few of those who meet there every day do so with no other object than drink and gamble. Sport is far away from their minds. Sport does not cover even five per cent of the total activities of the Club. The huge Stadium remains idle for most part of the year. Who would call it a national institution? We have a different notion altogether of what a real sporting institution should be.

### NO CHANCE FOR ACTIVE SPORTSMEN

The Club now boasts of a total membership of 2,762. It may be easily raised to three or even four thousand to-day, so much rush there is for admission. But owing to the congestion the number has been restricted to 2,700 excluding Patrons, Vice-Patrons and Gymkhana members. The admission fees for Life Members have been raised to Rs. 2,500 and for Ordinary Members to Rs. 500. I wonder, how many of our active sportsmen can afford to pay these big sums in addition to the high monthly fees! It is only the rich or those who make easy money on various types of speculations can afford the luxury, or those who are most patriotically engaged in reaping a rich harvest out of the war! Unless and until the present outlook of the rulers of the Club is completely changed it will remain far away from the National ideal of a sporting institution.

### Cover Page Picture

**The picture on the cover page this week is a reproduction of a water colour by Mr. N. S. Bendre and was exhibited at the one-man show held recently by him in Bombay**

---

A henpecked husband reached the end of his patience and, after a final row with his wife, took his bowler hat from the peg in the hall and said: "I'm going."

Three years later he returned, and his wife demanded: "Where on earth have you been?"

"Out", he replied, and hung his hat on the same peg.


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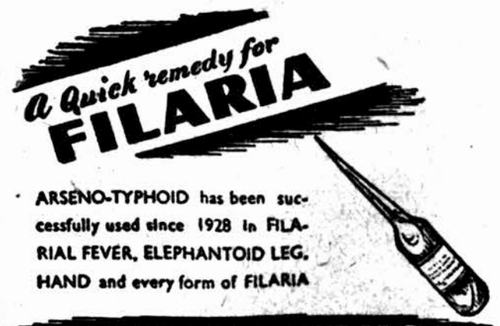
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## NEW LITERATURE IN URDU

NAYA ADAB, quarterly publication of Urdu progressive writers, People's Publishing House, Bombay 4 Price Re. 1.

"What is this progressive literature we hear so much about?" At least the Urdu progressive writers can answer that oft-repeated question by presenting the questioner with a copy of "Naya Adab" (New Literature)

Every three months "Naya Adab" brings together a representative anthology of the new (or progressive) Urdu writing—poetry, short stories, criticism—and a perusal of it gives a clear indication of the trends and mood of the younger Urdu writers. The old preoccupation with daring sex themes has given place to a more sober, though not a whit less realistic, attitude to the other and more important problems of life.

Worthy of special mention are Josh Malihabadi's poem on "Evolution" which is a part of a monumental work yet incomplete, Qazi Abdul Ghaffar's presidential address on "New Literature", Sibtay Hasan's essay on "Tagore—India's First Anti-Fascist Writer" and the three poems on Bengal by Jigar Moradabadi, Makhdoom Mohiyuddin and Sardar Jafri.

**SOME EMINENT GARHWALIS, by Shyam Chand Negi (Published by The Vidya Mandir, Ltd., New Delhi). Pp. 42. Price As. 12.**

In this pamphlet, the writer has given a life sketch of several Garhwalis who obtained distinction in different walks of life. The book clearly shows that Garhwalis have made a distinctive and abiding contribution to Indian national life. It is to be wished that a sketch showing the Garhwal territory were appended to the booklet.

N.H.P.

# CITIZEN THOMAS PAINE, REVOLUTIONIST!

CITIZEN PAINE by Howard Fast, published in India by the International Book House. Bombay Price Rs. 3

This, the life of Thomas Paine, Esq., Paine the author of "Common Sense", "Rights of Man" and "The Age of Reason"; Paine, revolutionist at large; Paine, the British stay maker whose inspired words made the farmers of Philadelphia lay aside their ploughs, pick up their matchlocks and go to fight the British; Paine whom a British Court tried and condemned in absentia: Paine who rotted in a jail in revolutionary France; Paine who died an old man, mocked and jeered at by the citizens of his own America.

And whew, what a story! This is biography which reads like a novel, a regular thriller. It is reporting at its very best. Everybody who is interested in the man Paine who claimed the whole world as his village and played no mean part in two of the biggest revolutions of the world, the American and the French, will want to read this book. So will all reporters and those interested in the art and craft of reporting.

The only drawback is that this edition is abridged, too abridged for Indian readers who may be unacquainted with the detailed story of the American war of Independence and the politics and personalities of Paine's days. The price is not too much as prices of books go these days, but India is a poor country

We would like to have a larger edition of this wonderful story, Mr. Ten Broeck, as large and as cheap as you can make it.

G. N. ACHARYA.

## Practical Banking

Messrs. A. N. Khosla and B. V. Krishniah, Post Box 239, Lahore have published "a guide to Practical Banking" dealing with the theory and practice of banking in this country. The book is decided into three parts, the first two deal with practical Banking and money while the last one explains salient principles of economics. It also contains some important sections on the Imperial Bank and the Reserve Bank Acts. The writers have taken pains to make it up-to-date in substance and simple in expression to cover the syllabuses of the various examinations. In these days when Indian Banks are making rapid progress throughout the country, the book will be welcomed not only by students but also by those who are engaged in the Banking line. It is priced Rs. 3.

## Guide To Indian Music

**THE APPEAL IN INDIAN MUSIC. By Mrs. Mani Sahukar, with a Foreword by Professor B. R. Deodhar of the School of Indian Music, Bombay. Published by Messrs. Thacker & Co. Price Rs. 1-8-0.**

"To live in this country without cultivating an appreciation of its beautiful music is to live like a stranger in one's own land", rightly observes Mrs. Sahukar in the introductory chapter of her interesting book. The Indians who are strangers to their own music are not few. The classical Indian music has retained its technical integrity through ages, because it has been in the safer hands of the artistes—the musicians. Its theories and principles are also down in some of the available authentic treatises; but the general knowledge of the same, which is the keynote of genuine music-appreciation, has remained, on account of the defective educational system, a closed chapter to the uninquisitive intellectuals and is far beyond the reach of the vast bulk of the people.

Mrs. Sahukar's is the latest and successful attempt to approach the strangers with an exposition of the theories and principles of the classical music. She has, without entering into the maze of the technical details, conveyed necessary information to the uninformed and has provided sufficient material for thought to the unbeliever. She has defined, in an easily intelligible manner, the microtones and graces which impatr beauty and vitality to the melodic patterns and offer freedom to the musician to create music.

The publication, though small in volume is rich in content and is obviously the product of deep study, thought and conviction. It vindicates the dignity of the classical music as a distinctive and a highly developed art. Mrs. Sahukar has deprecated, therein, the current trends of the film and radio music and has advocated inclusion of music in the educational system. "The Appeal in Indian Music" makes a valuable addition to the literature on Indian music.

## Tales Of Adventure

**"Badmashes." By "Snilloe." (Thacker. Rs. 4|14).**

It is refreshing to find that that insidious brand of European civilizatio. which brings with it a kind of desolating anaemia of thought and spirit when applied to Eastern peoples has not taken its ghastly toll of those gallant tribes that people the North-West Frontier provinces of India and its adjoining fastnesses. Those robust, fascinating and picturesque people have a wholesomeness and charm, an uncorrupted vitality and animation which fill those of us who belong to the lesser breeds of a "progressive" British India with feelings of the utmost envy and resentment.

The first part of this collection of short stories deals with the exploits (some of them authentic) of free-booters, bandits and cattle-lifters set against the background of the Frontier and contains illuminating information relating to the various tribes dealt with. Zeri Gul, the Sangari, Rangine, the border outlaw, Jari Baz, Kaza Khan, the one-eyed Afridi are all valiant full-blooded men who have no finnicky objections to spilling their own or anybody else's blood:

"The Man-Eater of Ghodaspur" a story with romantic entanglements, "The Road of Honour" and "The Kondruski Case" have an Anglo-Indian background, the peculiarly brittle and unattractive qualities of which are well brought out. This book, while it has no claim to any particular distinction of style or literary merit, makes interesting reading and can be recommended as an ideal gift book for members of the fighting services eager to acquire information about various aspects of Indian life or for intelligent schoolboys interested in adventure.

HILLA VAKEEL.

## BOOKS AND THEIR AUTHORS

### 'Reds' Of China

**MAKERS OF NEW CHINA, by S. S. Batliwala, People's Publishing House Bombay 4. Price Rs. 2|4.**

Written by an Indian Communist, this is an interesting exhaustive and somewhat gushing tribute to the achievements of the Chinese communists. Mainly it is compiled from a number of standard works on contemporary China, but the author (or compiler) has been able to provide a running thread through the series of quotations.

Mr. Batliwala has done a painstaking and conscientious piece of work and even if the "party line" is fairly obvious, the story of the Chinese Reds that he tells is exciting and inspiring for Communist and non-Communist alike. The book can be recommended to anyone who wishes to learn about the Chinese Communists and their present heroic role in the anti-Japanese war

### F. S. U. Booklets

(1) "SOVIET CULTURE" By P. Yudin. Price As. 4.
(2) "NATIONALITIES IN THE SOVIET UNION" By G. Adhikari. Price As. 6.

Published by the Friends of the Soviet Union, Benham Hall Lane, Bombay 4.

"The Friends of the Soviet Union" has already established its reputation as an unobtrusive but highly efficient organisation, whose name explains its mission. The exhibitions organised by the F.S.U. have already become widely popular and so, it is hoped will also be its publications. The first pamphlet is a reprint of Yudin's famous essay while the latter is the text of the lecture delivered by Mr. Adhikari.

### Studies In Mesmerism

"ADVENTURES WITH EVIL SPIRITS". By Joseph J. Ghose, M.A., D.Litt. (Edin.) pp. iii, 250. Price Rs. 1-8.

The book is a collection of reprints of press articles contributed by the author, from 1926 onwards, to various newspapers, narrating the treatment of disorders by means of mesmerism and through mediums. The author is principal of a High School in Allahabad, not a professional clairvoyant and explains briefly what spiritualism is and how it can be made to serve mankind. The book may be profitably read by those interested in the subject.

N. H. P.

RADIO TERMS ILLUSTRATED: By M. A. Paltov, verses by Lieut. Dempsey. Published by Thacker & Co., Ltd., Bombay, 1943.

Every page of this book is a humorous cartoon on familiar radio terms, such as high frequency low frequency, capacity, high potential, close coupling and so on. Each sketch is interpreted in a few amusing lines of a verse or verses. There are altogether thirty of these terms illustrated, many of which are immensely capable of tickling the signal school pupils for whom the book is specially meant. A few may even appeal to higher level of taste. It is definitely a book for the lighter moments of those engaged in the profession of radio technique.

N. R. T.

*My dear Sisters & Brothers,*

I am writing this letter in the year 1943, and you will read it in the year 1944—Grand, or funny, is it? How soon—just in a second—the Old Year dies and a New Year is born! Thus so many New Years have been crowded out and so many New Years have taken their place: The march of Time continues!

How horrible has the Old Year been indeed—from every point of view! The War goes on incessantly there were famine and starvation and floods in a number of provinces in our country; and our dear and near ones are still in prisons How many more unfortunate things may we enumerate?

Yet the World cannot lose its hopes—for are your children not its hopefuls? Your smiles bring optimism to any sickened soul—May these your smiles radiate throughout all the corners of the world, which pines for them at this moment more than ever—And may they help to spread real joy and true peace everywhere!

* * *

The change of the year reminds me: "PUSHPA—The Children's Own Paper" completes its eighth year and enters its ninth year this month. Its Ninth Special New Year Number is ready, and it is full of interesting articles by eminent writers and beautiful pictures and art plates by well-known photographers and artists.

Some of its contents are: "Freedom for All" by Mrs. Krishna Hutheesing, "Awake" by Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, "He was born a beggar" by Mrs. Kusum Nair, "A strange ground for faith" by Professor L. H. Ajwani, "A Princess of Chitor" by Mrs. Pupul Jayakar, "This is Your World" by Mr. K. Ahmed Abbas, "Sharing" by Mrs. Kamala S. Dongerkery, "Where learning is a Joy" by Professor Diwan Chand Sharma, "India's First Poet" by Krishna Kumar, "Are you a Master or Slave" by Professor D. D Kanga, "Flowers give beauty" by Mrs. Jer G. Bharucha,

**Welcome The New Year With Smiles.**

**The Old Year Is Gone**

"Squirrels at our breakfast" by Dr. George S. Arundale, "A little knowledge" by Mr. A. S. P. Ayyar, "An ass after all" by Mr. Harin Chattopadhyaya, "Pictures for children" by Mrs Leela Jog, "A delightful design" by Mr. H. B. Wahid, etc., etc., besides the usual features.

It is 56 pages, and yet priced at 6 annas only. You are bound to like the issue. If you are not its permanent subscriber send for it immediately, enclosing 6 annas stamps, from the Manager, "PUSHPA", 31 Tribhovan Road, Bombay 4. As a limited number of copies has been printed, you should hurry up lest you get disappointed in case of delay!

* * *

Then, I would like to inform you that our Association has decided to start its own journal "PUSHPA" also in Gujarati from this month. Shrimati Labhuben Mehta and Kumari Kusumben Sheth will be its Editors. Our Gujarati sisters and brothers will love to get this journal. Those interested may send for its full particulars from the abovementioned Editors c/o "Pravasi", Medows Street, Fort, Bombay.

Shrimati Hoorben Wadhwani, Vice President of the Sind Provincial Balkan-ji-Bari is on a visit to Bombay She attended the Khar Balkan-ji-Bari Meeting, together with her husband Shri Narain Das, on Sunday, December 26, when the children entertained her with songs, dances and dramatic pieces, and she related to them a story.

Matunga Balkan-ji-Bari went on an excursion to Jogeshwari on Saturday December 25, and Marine Lines Balkan-ji-Bari to Chandwali on Monday. December 27. The Provincial Workers' camp at Borivli will be going on when this will come in print, so about it I shall write next week.

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# The LAST PAGE

Conducted by CHRONICLER

**A new year dawned over the world yesterday. And the old year retired into the limbo of forgotten eternity.**

**Farewell, 1943. We part with you without regrets.**

Farewell, 1943, the year of the great famines in Bijapur and Bengal, the year in which corpses lying by the road-side became a normal feature of Calcutta, the year in which thousands died and millions starved in British-ruled India while Mr. Amery kept on telling the world that Indians were over-eating owing to inflation!

Farewell, 1943, the year in which the greatest men in India continued to languish in detention, even while his life hung as by a slender thread during the epic 21-days fast!

Farewell, 1943, the year in which the White rulers of South Africa passed a law depriving the Indian settlers in Durban of their civic rights to own property!

Farewell, 1943, we have no regrets at parting with you!

★

## *What Of The Morrow?*

But what about the New Year, 1944, 'the year of victory,' as it is already being hailed?

Possibly it *will* be the year of victory—the victory of the Allied Powers over Nazi Germany and (less likely) the militarist Japan.

But will it also be the year of the victory of Freedom against the tyranny of Imperialism; the victory of the ideal of human brotherhood over the racialism that discriminates between Blacks and Whites, between Asiatics and Europeans?

The year 1943 was a year of bitterness, frustration, starvation and smouldering anger for India. What has 1944 in store for India? A year of Freedom or of continuing Imperial rule? The stars look down—and dare not foretell!

★

## *First President*

What would W. C. Bonnerjee, the first President of the Indian National Congress, think of the political situation in India if he were alive today? This thought occurred to me when I read that in Calcutta they have just celebrated the centenary of his birth.

Along with the other patriachs of Indian politics who founded the Congress, W. C. Bonnerjee was revolutionary. His approach, like the approach of the Congress itself at that time, was reformist. Much has happened to revolutionize the Indian politics and to change the original character of the Congress since that day—December 28—in 1885 when in the Hall of the Gokuldas Tejpal Sanskrit College (near the Gowalia Tank maidan where the last session of the A.I.C.C. was held in August 1942) the first National Congress met and, after his name had been proposed, seconded and supported by A. O. Hums, Mr. S. Subrahmania Aiyar and K. T. Telang, respectively, W. C. Bonnerjee took his seat to preside over the first session.

The objects of the Congress, as laid down in W. C. Bonnerjee's presidential address were:—

(1) The promotion of personal intimacy and friendship amongst all the more earnest workers in our country's cause.

(2) The eradication, by direct friendly personal intercourse of all possible race, creed, or provincial prejudices amongst all lovers of our country and the fuller development and consolidation of those sentiments of unity that had their origin in our beloved Lord Ripon's ever memorable reign.

(3) The authoritative record, after the fullest discussion, of the matured opinions of the educated classes in India on some of the more important and pressing of the social questions of the day.

(4) The determination of the lines upon and methods by which during the next twelve months it is desirable for Native politicians to labour in the public interests.

Phrases like "our beloved Lord Ripon', "educated classes' and "Native politicians" sound strange in 1944 and recall the "loyalist' phase of the Congress. Yet there is a definitely patriotic motive in the objects of the Congress as laid down by W. C. Bonerjee 58 years ago. Social reform, Unity and enlargement of Political rights—these were the three fundamental objectives but at that time it was not realized that some of these can be achieved in full measure without national freedom!

Though a moderate and reformist, W. C. Bonnerjee could also speak out on occasions with vigour in defence of his country's rights. He presided over the Congress for a second time at the Allahabad session in 1892 and the following striking passage from his presidential address gives an indication of the sense of bitter frustration that even moderates like Bonnerjee had then begun to feel:—

**"Is our voice not to be listened to because, forsooth, to that voice has not been added the voice of our European fellow-subjects? .... Why is our voice to be despised? It is we who feel the pinch; it is we who have to suffer; and if we cry out it is said to us: 'Oh, we cannot listen to you: Yours is a contemptible and useless and a vile agitation, and we will not listen to you.'"**

It is more than a coincidence that the first three Presidents of the Congress were, respectively, a Hindu, a Parsi and a Muslim. Those who accuse Congress of being a Hindu organization have never read Congress history!

★

## *Am I A Caucasian?*

The United States Congress has repealed the Chinese Exclusion Act and 105 Chinese annually can claim U. S. citizenship.

India, however, still falls in the "barred zone" and no Indian can enter the United States except as a casual visitor. No Indian is entitled to apply for U. S. citizenship.

This writer does not think it is any great honour for an Indian (or a Chinese) to be granted the citizenship of the United States. But specific exclusion does hurt one's national self-respect and causes bitterness when one finds slogans of democracy and fraternity being hurled at one by American politicians and propagandists. It seems that (until recently) a Fascist Italian or a Nazi German was welcomed in America, but an Indian is still unwelcome.

According to the U. S. law, only those of Caucasian stock can claim U. S. citizenship. That includes, I believe, all the European nationalities and excludes all Asiatics, Polynesians, etc. Only the Chinese are now relieved of this ban.

Now it appears efforts are being made by some Indians in America and outside to have the ban on Indian immigration removed. It will be a good thing if it is removed but we certainly would not like it if the ban against Indians is removed and against other Asiatics is continued. It is the principle of the thing that is offensive not the mere fact that a few Indians cannot become U. S. citizens.

The correspondent of a local contemporary reports from New Delhi:—

> India's case, it is stated, is stronger than the Chinese, because Indians claim Caucasian origin and feel therefore entitled to full citizenship without being subjected to any immigration quota. Certain American courts have upheld the Indian claim, while others have not. It appears the main attempt to establish Indian rights will be to seek the verdict of the Supreme Court. If this succeeds, Indians will be in a better position than the Chinese.

I am sure all self-respecting and democratically-minded Indians will resent and oppose any such move. I know little about this race business (and care even less) but I am sure all of us in India are definitely not of Caucasian origin. And even if we ( or some of us) were, it would not be in keeping with our national dignity and our faith in human brotherhood to claim special privileges because of our allegedly Caucasian origin. Until United States treats all foreigners alike, irrespective of racial origins, Indians will be better off without acquiring a citizenship based on racial discrimination.

★

## *"Chronicler" And The Communists*

The Chronicler does not claim to get a huge 'fan mail' like film stars and columnists. Now and then, however, a letter does come to this department—sometimes with a helpful suggestion, frequently with a mild rebuke, occasionally with bitter criticism. The last occasion this Page stepped on someone's corns was in connection with the 'World's Cruise' show. This time it is someone who signs himself "A Student"—and, judging from the spelling mistakes he commits, not a very brilliant student!—who seems to be incensed with this writer because of the Chronicler's alleged partiality for Communists. Here are some extracts:—

> For obvious reasons I write this letter anonimously.
>
> As a regular reader of your column I wish to make certain remarks, however bitter they may be, in order to express myself and many more of your well-wishers, of certain doubts regarding your attitude towards the all-important problem facing our exploited masses.
>
> From your various remarks in your "Sunday Chronicle Last Page" one can gather that you do *not* consider the present war as a "People's War" If I am right, then may I ask you one simple question? Please do not think that I am trying to play the lawyer-in-the-court-room. Why do you flirt with the so-called "Communist" Party of India? Are you afraid to face them for any reason?—lest one is dragged to the nearest Police Station (Your "Red" boys have got a way of doing things!) If so, there is some sense in your "appeasement" policy towards this band of renegades.
>
> Please do not sit on the fence. If censorship stops you from speaking your mind, at least do not continue patronising these "respectable" imitators of their boss at Moscow. Otherwise, go ahead and call spade a spade, and expose these self-assumed "patriots" who are nothing else but paid Imperialist agents in the ranks of the working class. In order to hide their real motives, these renegades talk the "patriotic" language thinking that they can fool the masses of our country to toe in their Moscow-London-dictated "line".
>
> So kindly let us know your colour more clearly. It is to be hoped that you will kindly stop this "appeasement" policy and take a more progressive attitude that is expected of an open-minded intellectual like you. Lastly, do not forget that fortunately for India there are argent (sic) marxists and revolutionaries still alive outside that body of mercenaries which trades under the name of the Communist Party of India. I hope that the above lines are taken in a sporting way in which they are written.

By way of reply (which limitations of space do not permit to be long and exhaustive) it might be stated:—

(1) I do not see what are the "obvious reasons" why 'A student' should write anonymously (or "anonimously" as he chooses to spell it!) Those who condemn "appeasement" should begin by being at least bold enough to sign their names—not necessarily for publication but for the satisfaction of the editor.

(2) The "Chronicler's" attitude towards the Communists needs no further elucidation after dozens of columns written on the subject. In brief, like "The Bombay Chronicle" itself, the "Chronicler" does not agree with the Communist Party's present political 'line' but that does not blind me to the fact that the Communists (or most of them known to me) are unselfish, conscientious and hard-working patriots, well-disciplined and zealously active in pursuit of their party programme. They have performed worthy services to the people of India in the past, are still doing so according to their light, and (once they have got out of the contradictions of the present ideological impasse) will surely render further services to the masses of this country.

(3) The "Chronicler" cannot help it if the Communists are active in the forefront of several commendable, cultural, economic and artistic movements which merit mention on the Last Page.

(4) The "Chronicler", having never read Marx beyond page seven of "Das Kapital" is quite incapable of determining who are the real "argent (sic) Marxists."

(5) Incidentally, "A Student" should know that the Communists also have their own long list of grievances against the "Chronicler" and The Last Page. That at least should gladden his heart and convince him of the 'bonafides' of this department.

★

## *Mosley, Wavell And India*

Did Lord Wavel 'plagiarize' his 'Mass Contact' programme from Oswald Mosley's plan for India and the Empire that the leader of the British Fascists had published as long ago as 1934?

This topically piquant question has been raised by a contributor to the "Eastern Economist" who has quoted from the book by Mosley that he bought in London nine years ago to draw a parallel between the Wavell plan for direct contact with the masses and the amelioration of India's economy (as the surest means of undermining the influence of radical political parties) and Oswald Mosley's proposal "to appeal to the Indian masses over the heads of talkative politicians by the practical appeal of an economic policy."

This is what the writer in "Eastern Economist" has to say on the subject:—

> "Mosley had not only a plan for the Empire evolved ten years ago, (when his countrymen ridiculed him for his views), but was not afraid to put it forward. Britain, he claimed, was "the natural custodian of western civilisation and progress", deriving her title and authority from ancient Rome.
>
> He spoke with contempt of "the timidity of British statesmanship" which had failed to build up "an effective and comprehensive Imperial policy."
>
> India fitted in naturally into such a scheme. "Law and order must be maintained and India must remain within the Empire."
>
> "The real trouble in India, according to Mosley, is (and has always been) far more economic than political. "Political stability is impossible without economic progress." In the face of political agitation and of racial and religious problems, Britain failed to pursue "a strong economic policy" in India, "Steam ploughs are needed to cut through the Indian plain and produce fertility", but they would also cut through "a tangle of hereditary land-owning interests", co-operative marketing, agricultural banking to replace the money-lender who grips the Indian peasant, extended irrigation, and a score of modern economic developments, all await the action of strong govt.
>
> **"In short, declared Mosley, "it is time that the economic technician replaced the lawyer. Let us appeal to the Indian masses over the heads of the talkative politicians by the practical appeal of an economic policy designed to improve their conditions. Let the strong hand be, not negative, but positive."**

Now that Fascist Mosley is out of jail and the "talkative politicians" are duly gagged and imprisoned, why not send him over to India as Lord Wavell's Economic Adviser to put into practice the scheme of "benevolent imperialism" and the "positive strong hand" that he propounded nine years ago?

★

## *For Children Only*

I wonder if any children read this page but it is possible some fathers and mothers do. And I can tell them that if they are looking for a sensible New Year present to give to their sons and daughters of school-going age, they can choose nothing better than a year's subscription to "PUSHPA—The Children's Own Paper", published by the All-India Children's Association and edited by Mrs. Krishna Hutheesing.

I have just had a glimpse of the special New Year Number and I can say that though I have left my childhood far, far behind, it made my heart leap with joy. The colourful cover design by Sheila Auden, the artist who displays an uncanny 'child sense' in her deliciously funny drawings of men and beasts, is alone worth much more than the six annas one has to pay for the New Year Number.

The contents are varied—subjects ranging from 'Freedom' To 'Flowers'—but all calculated to arouse the interest of boys and girls. Of course, there are pictures and drawings and jokes and puzzles, but also more thought provoking material which would not only please the children but instill in them a love of their country and help them to grow into upright, freedom-loving citizens.

# China Is Fighting A Poor Man's War!

## By BROOKS ATKINSON

**The Chinese soldier gets about Rs. 3-4 per month! He is ill-equipped, poorly clad.**

**Yet he has kept the armies of Japan at bay for seven long years!**

**A well-known American writer sends from China this illuminating picture of the gallant Chinese soldier.**

**What the ragamuffins of the American Revolution were to the U. S. the Chinese soldier is to Free China today. He is poorly fed and clothed. When he travels from one part of his immense country to another he goes on foot in a silent, trotting column over train tracks or alongside the road, carrying his gun and his household goods on his shoulders. In each platoon one man dangles over his back the huge, round, smoke-blackened bowl in which the rations are cooked.**

To people accustomed to highly mechanized armies the slow-moving divisions of the Chinese Army look deceptively ineffectual and old-fashioned. But they have endured as the U. S. ragamuffins did. They have had some smashing victories as the ragamuffins had. Until the Americans broke into the South Pacific last year they were the only soldiers who had ever defeated the Japanese in open battle, and when the Japs are finally driven out of China it will be by the sort of cotton-clad, straw-shod soldier who seems to be infiltrated through all of Free China to-day. Although he lacks the swagger and snap of the Western troops, he has equal confidence, in a quieter way. Expecting almost nothing of life, he is not afraid of death.

### Every Man Wants To Fight

Earlier in the summer, when our Yangtze River steamer pulled into a cove one morning to hide from air raids, we saw an outfit of Chinese soldiers cleaning their rifles and polishing their bullets while they rested on the bank. They wore a cheap uniform of brown shorts and shirts, straw sandals and basket-like straw helmets which they had made themselves.

"'Why is everyone cleaning his rifle now?" I asked a corporal who was measuring out the rice for his platoon.

"We want to have everything ready. When we get to the front we'll have only three hours' rest before we start firing," he answered as he kept on working.

"How long have you been on the way to the front?" I inquired.

"For about three weeks", he said mechanically.

"How do your men feel about going into battle?" I asked in an effort to continue the conversation.

His reply was long and impartial, and other soldiers began to gather around to listen and perhaps to offer some remarks of their own.

"Every man here wants to fight", he said. "We hope we can get back Ichang this time. I know our army doesn't look like much to you. We all know we don't have such good uniforms and rifles as your army has, but China has now got to the point where she either lives or dies. We are all Chinese and we are going to do everything we can for China. We know our fighting spirit is better than the Japs. I think we are going to win this year."

At the age of 27 a Honanese was a veteran soldier who had seen many campaigns, including the Battle of Taierchwang, when the Japanese were overwhelmed in the spring of 1938. Although I was afraid I might be taking an unfair advantage of him, I started asking him leading questions.

"'What is your opinion of how this war started?" I inquired.

It didn't take him long to answer—though not very directly "The Japs have occupied so much of China that the Chinese soldier only gets barely enough of all that is his. If we don't drive the Japs out, we'll get even less", he said.

"What do you think China would be like if the Japs won?" I asked.

"The Japs are not going to win", he said with a finality that concluded that line of questioning.

I shifted to another tack. "What do you think China will be like when you have conquered Japan?"

He could answer that one too. "China will be a strong nation and will have high standing all over the world", he replied.

### Soft-Spoken C. O.

Later in the morning I made the acquaintance of the corporal's commanding officer, Lieut. Col. Chiang Sze-lien, a slender, erect man of perhaps 30 years, who had been trained in the National Military Academy. He is soft-spoken, serious and frank, without heroics of any kind. His eyes are steady. After he had walked 300 miles at the head of his battalion his faded cotton uniform was baggy, torn at the shoulder, patched at the neck and ragged at the sleeves. He was wearing cloth slippers without socks. Taking obvious pride in his profession, he observed all military decorum correctly and saluted with a sort of instinctive dignity.

Of one thing he was particularly proud. He had brought his outfit in a forced march over the mountains during a rainy period without losing a man or leaving a man behind. On the worst day of the march they had walked thirty miles crossing a mountain, incidentally crossing seventy-four streams, some of which were two feet deep. The packs the men carried weighed fifty pounds dry—and no one knows how much when wet. Whenever possible they had slept in farmhouses, barns or public buildings in the villages. Their food had consisted of about four bowls of rice a day, half in the early morning and half at dusk. They had had nothing else because they could not afford to pay the prevailing prices. Although the battalion had medical officers, their supply of medicine was scanty. Sometimes the doctors had had to give what he called "spiritual treatment" for exhaustion. These things the colonel related almost shyly in a quiet voice without emotion. He was making a friendly statement of what he regarded as an ordinary event.

### A Poor Man's War

To use a phrase often repeated by Chinese people, China is fighting a poor man's war. Nothing illustrates that fact better than the Chinese soldier. With allowances for the purchase of vegetables to supplement his rice and for the purchase of footwear, the Chinese soldier gets about the equivalent of Rs. 3/4/- a month. He lives in ancestor temples or other disused buildings that have been converted into barracks by laying hay on the floor or erecting crude platforms to serve as group beds. On a line stretched above the bed he hangs his thin towel neatly folded. He folds his limp blanket into a square. In every way he can, he makes the most of his very few worn possessions and goes quietly on marching and fighting.

Although nothing basic can be done about improving the condition of the army until the blockade is broken, the Government, the army and several charitable civilian organizations are deliberately attempting to make life more bearable for the millions of men under arms. There is not much doubt that the Chinese soldier has seen his worst days. Some day he and the United Nations will reap the harvest of his long years of endurance and good-will.—U.S.O.W.I.

# Indian Scientist Is U. S. A's Expert On Alloys

The transportation industry will be changed completely after the war as a result of discoveries in the field of metal alloys, Dr. Beram D. Saklatwalla stated at the autumn meeting of American electro-chemists in New York City. Dead weight on trains will be cut to a minimum through the production of steel so strong that less of it need be used. Airplanes will be still lighter than they are now, he believes.

America's leading electro-chemists gave Dr. Saklatwalla a warm reception as an outstanding expert in the field of alloys. They invited him to deliver the Joseph W. Richards lecture, given each year in memory of the founder of the Electro-Chemical Society.

Dr. Saklatwalla is a member of the Tata Steel family of India. He was born in Bombay in 1881 and began his industrial career in the United States in 1909. Cor-Ten, his steel alloy, is used both in India and America. He is now an American citizen and is married to an American of Irish origin.

### Saw Development Of Industry

"The consumption of alloy steels in America increased from 2,000,000 tons in 1920 to 11,000,000 tons in 1922 and 16,000,000 in 1943," said Dr. Saklatwalla. "At the turn of the century the use of alloys was confined to a few basic products I was president of the Vanadium Corporation of America from 1919 to 1935. Since then I have devoted myself to the development of steels containing small amounts of alloys which can be produced in large tonnages by the ordinary processes. They have 50 per cent more strength, combined with four to six times the corrosion resistance of ordinary steel."

Dr. Saklatwalla patented Cor-Ten steel, which is produced by the United States Steel Corporation and its subsidiary companies. Thousands of freight cars are built of it, and about 60 per cent of the passenger railroad equipment completed within the past four years, has been made of this steel. Before the war it was used for buses, trucks and trailers. Now it goes into tanks, gun carriages and other weapons.

### Same Steel Made In India

This same steel is being produced by the Tata Company in India. According to Dr. Saklatwalla, it is particularly suitable for the Far East because it resists the corrosion due to high temperatures and humidity.

"The aeroplane industry has made us conscious of weight," he observed. "I am now engaged in developing new magnesium alloys for airplanes. There are great possibilities in India for magnesium production. So far the steel industry in Asia has confined itself to ordinary carbon steels, but the war may change all this. India has all the necessary elements for a high-grade alloy steel industry—manganese, chromium, titanium, all the materials necessary and also an abundance of cheap water power."

Dr. Saklatwalla pointed out that Americans are learning a great deal about India as a result of wartime exchange.

"India will require many technically and scientifically trained men after the war", he continued. "But the technical furtherance of India, China or Malaya can never be satisfactorily advanced by copying Western methods of technology, as the Japanese did. If you want a basic industry you should have men trained in their own country. Scholars should be sent over, not to copy or blueprint American methods, but to learn the fundamentals of Western technique.

"After the war India will produce herself much that she used to import. A vast process of industrialisation is now going on that will have its effect. Gun carriages and armaments of all kinds are being turned out now in India. Labour in India is most efficient. The workmanship is excellent from every point of view."

### Brother Works With Tata

Dr. Saklatwalla's brother Sorab is with the Tata Iron and Steel Company in India. He is in charge of its textile activities. Another brother went to the United States with Beram and his mother; he died there some years ago. Dr. Saklatwalla's mother, who died in the United States, was a sister of J. N. Tata, founder of the Tata industries.

Dr. Saklatwalla is a graduate of Bombay University. In 1906 the British Iron and Steel Institute of London awarded him the Andrew Carnegie Scholarship. He received his doctor's degree in engineering in 1908 at Charlottenburg, Germany. In 1924 the Society of Chemical Industry in the United States awarded him the Grasselli Medal. The American Association for the Advancement of Science elected him a Fellow in 1933. —U.S.O.W.I.

# *GERMANY'S SEARCH FOR SECRET WEAPON*

## *Failure Strengthens Belief In Miracles*

### *By Colonel Gretton*

**It is reported that Hitler's Deputy, Bormann, impressed on a meeting of German scientists the urgent need to produce a new "super-weapon."**

If this report is correct it emphasises the complete failure of German leaders to grasp the true potentialities and limitations of science applied to war—failure which would be incredible if it were not proved by the amazing stupidity of German propaganda about "secret weapons."

The idea of a more or less magical weapon which can be invented at will to wipe out whole cities or fleets of ships is a childish one which finds no support in the real feats of technical achievement. Actually, to win a war by means of scientific advances does not mean inventing one sensational device but maintaining higher scientific technical standards over the whole fields of war production.

### Radio Location

It is true that certain single developments can have revolutionary results; the example is the invention of radio-location which has had a tremendous influence on air war greater than it is at present possible to say—and has been one of the big factors in the British and later in the general Allied air superiority. Moverover, many British scientists assert that almost all scientific progress is the work not of one single man but of a number working along similar lines, each taking the great work a stage further.

The German idea of a secret weapon produced suddenly out of the blue at the Fuehrer's behest is, therefore, a part of the superstitious barbarism of Nazi ideology. It also reveals the true extent of the lead established and maintained by British scientists and technicians.

The real "secret weapon" is something far wider and more long-term. It is for example—to take only one aspect of the British war production—the great body of British technical achievement which gave the Allies Spitfire and Hurricane planes capable of driving any German machine out of the sky. How firmly this superiority is based is shown by the fact that the Spitfire in its latest form is still today the most effective single-seat fighter in the world.

### Admission Of Failure

All German attempts to find the answer to the Spitfire have failed and yet British designers have developed in the meantime a number of new types, such as the Mosquito, the Typhoon and the Lancaster bomber, any one of which would have been hailed by the Germans—if they could have produced it—as a unique achievement. Such results are not obtained by the ingenuity of one inventor, but by the existence of an enormous wide-spread body of talent in the whole country.

Again the German "secret weapon" propaganda itself is a profound admission of failure. What it means is that the weapon forged by Germany to do the job required has failed so decisively that there is no hope of its being done without some sort of miracle. That is why the Germans with escapism, which is one of their greatest weaknesses, turn to day-dreams of a secret weapon which can strike a decisive blow at London from the other side of the Channel.

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"THROUGH THE ARCH"
—*J. Pandya*

"PLEASE LISTEN TO ME"
—*Navnit Shah.*

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# Jokers Of The R.A.F.

**Even the bloody business of war has its humorous side and here are a few rollicking incidents which relieved the sombre monotony of flying and fighting.**

*by*
## *Ralph Michaelis*

**Flying against the enemy has its humours; and there are plenty of laughs to be heard over enemy territory.**

Going around the various R.A.F. airfields in the course of my work as an air correspondent, I am constantly hearing about the deeds of some fantastic joker.

I'd like to tell you a few of them.

A Sunderland flying boat sighted a German battleship escorted by a couple of destroyers, off the coast of Norway.

The battleship challenged the Sunderland with the code message "I.K." The Sunderland crew had not the faintest idea what the message meant. So the Captain told them to reply—"I.K." But this did not satisfy the Germans. They challenged a second time with "I.K." and—for the second time—the Sunderland replied—"I.K." Back came the methodical Germans for a third time with the challenge "I.K."

### "Nuts"

This time the Sunderland Captain could not resist making the obvious reply.

"Oh, tell them nuts," he said.

And so the radio operator signalled back, "Nuts."

There was a short pause while the Germans got out their secret ciphers and started to decode this cryptic message.

"It took them exactly thirty seconds to find out the meaning of 'nuts'," the Captain told me, "then they let us have 'everything'."

The crew of this particular Sunderland were a famous bunch of humorists.

One afternoon they were flying low over a Norwegian fjord when they spotted a couple of very fat German officers idling in a row boat.

"Let's scare the lives out of those two birds," said the Captain, and he dived towards the row boat.

As soon as the Germans spotted the Sunderland they grabbed their oars and started to row up the fjord at a tremendous pace. They had not gone far when one of them missed the water altogether with his oar and went head over heels backwards into the lap of his brother officer.

The sight of these two fat Germans trying to race the airplane up the fjord struck the gunners as so funny that they had difficulty in sighting their guns.

### Goering Calling!

One of the radio operators in a night bomber group is a great practical joker.

One of his jokes is to tune into a German receiving station and tell them he thinks about them. In fact his paradies of Hitler speeches are known from Hamburg to the Ruhr, to the vast entertainment of his own crew, and the annoyance of the helpless enemy.

But his best joke is the one which I have recorded in my book "From Bird Cage to Battle Plane, a History of the R.A.F." which was published recently in New York. Here it is:

One night the bomber in which this radio operator was flying was caught in a cone of searchlights. Anti-Aircraft shells were bursting all around, and the pilot was throwing the aircraft about in all directions in an attempt to get away from the searchligths. But he was unsuccessful. More searchlights fastened on the airplane, so that the crew had to shade their eyes from the blinding glare.

The radio operator turned the knobs on his radio set and tuned in to the German station down below. And all at once the Germans listening in their control room heard the following announcement:

"Achtung! Achtung! Germany calling! Germany calling! Here is Goering! Put out those damn-lights!"

### Enemy Joke

Occasionally the enemy plays a radio joke on us.

Bombers flying back to England in the dark usually contact their home radio station, when they are over the North Sea, and ask for a "fix" or a compas bearing on which to fly home.

It is a perfectly simple procedure to an experienced navigator, but men who are now to the job sometimes get a bit nervous, and start flooding their radio station with questions.

One night a new and rather agitated navigator was unable to interpret the fix that had been sent to him and he kept asking for it to be repeated to him.

And for some time he monopolised the frequency so that nobody else could get a word in. After a while a German station came through in English. "For heaven's sake got him home," they said, "he's mucking up our frequency."

The Captain of a German mine layer was pulled out of the North Sea the other day, by the boys on one of our sea-air rescue service launches (these are high speed motor boats used for picking up airmen—our own or the enemy's—who have crashed or baled out into the sea) and this German Captain was cursing the "incompetent English" at the top of his voice.

### A Sad Story

The boys on the launch could not understand at first what was biting him. So he told his sad story, and here it is.

Every day for months passed the German skipper had taken his trawler to a certain stretch of water: and there he had methodically sown his mines. And every night following his expeditions, the British minesweepers had gone out and swept his mines up again. But one night the British did not go out for some reason. The methodical German, proceeding as usual with his unlawful occasions on the following day ran into one of his own mines and blew himself up.

Whenever a pilot or an air gunner claims to have shot down an enemy aircraft he is very closely questioned as to the details by his Squadron Intelligence Officer.

These Intelligence Officers require confirmation by at least two independent witnesses, who saw the enemy hit the ground, or photographic evidence from the film camera which fighters carry synchronised with their guns.

The insistence of these Intelligence Officers on the most cast iron evidence before a victory over an enemy aircraft is credited to a pilot is another source of fun.

### Tow Him Home

A young fighter pilot friend of mine was so determined to obtain film confirmation of his victory over an enemy fighter that he followed him down from 28,000 feet, intending to film him as he crashed. He was in such a hurry that the tremendous acceleration of his machine caused him to black out at 16,000 feet. He remained blacked out for another 10,000 feet, but as soon as he recovered he continued to follow his victim down, with his film camera ticking away industriously.

He was delighted when he saw the German machine hit the ground and burst into flames, and he hurried home with what he thought to be the absolute proof of his victory.

When they developed the film however, it was found that his camera had missed the actual crash and as there were no other witnesses, the German was credited to him only as a "probable."

The pilot was disgusted.

"The next time," he said, "I'll take a couple of ropes up with me, and when I shoot a German down, I'll tow the son of a gun home."

# We Shall Be!

**By JOSEPH V. SLADEK***
*Translated by Roderick A. Ginsburg.*

**We were and we shall be**
**As we always stood before**
**With blows and grief dared we**
**To challenge our Fate of yore.**

**Hate's angered waves defying**
**As they whipped against our shore**
**We have fought through years undying**
**Thus we shall fight forevermore.**

**Though tattered are our banners**
**And storms threaten us in vain**
**Within our homes and manors**
**We shall forever reign.**

**Then let the foaming ocean**
**Boil to a blood-red sea**
**Defiant in our devotion**
**We were and we shall be.**

**Czech poet, born 1845, died 1912. Lived in the United States from 1868 to 1870. Translated into Czech Shakespeare's plays and Longfellow's "Hiawatha."*

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